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SOMETIME.

BY H. S.

Oh, when some joy we prized the most,
Or hope we treasured, fond and real,
Has left us but its shimmering ghost
And wounds that only time can heal.

How hard to tread the walks of earth
And mingle with the curious throng,
To laugh the laugh of hollow mirth,
And join in empty jest and song.

For, to the world, what is our woe?
What if we fall by wayside drear?
Both priest and Levite come and go
Ere good Samaritan draws near.

Ah, well; we're drawing near the end
Of all our hopes and all our fears,
And in that goal to which we tend
We'll need no sympathizing tears.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

LADY MILDRED PRIESTLY, daughter of the late Lord Morristown and sister of the present Earl, sat at the writing table in her smart London lodgings answering letters; but, in the pauses of her occupation, she every now and then glanced shrewdly and anxiously at her daughter, who was lying back in a low chair by the window, watching the passers-by on the pavement below.

The girl's languid attitude seemed to irritate her mother; she always returned to her writing with a clouded brow after one of her penetrating looks at the listless fair young face.

It was true they had both been up until nearly four o'clock in the morning, and Hilda had danced a very great deal at the Baroness de Methuen's ball; but her ladyship might have been supposed to feel the fatigue far more than her eighteen-year-old daughter, and yet she was brisk and busy, while Hilda was too languid to do anything but sit with an unread book on her knee, staring out of the window. Having conscientiously discharged her duty to her correspondents, Lady Mildred threw her pen into the tray with a clatter, and spoke with a ring of decisiveness in her voice which at once attracted her daughter's attention.

"Your new gown was a great success last night, Hilda."

Hilda turned her head, not in the least deceived by the trivial nature of the remark; she knew every intonation of her mother's voice too well for that. Something important was coming.

"I am glad you were satisfied, mother."

"Yes; Mrs. Penfold complimented me on your appearance—and she is one of the few people who never make a mistake on such matters. I saw you dancing with Hugh more than once."

"Three times, I think. I enjoy dancing with Hugh."

"Ah, well, it hardly matters with a first-cousin! Nobody is likely to attach any meaning to it; but it would be different if it were a stranger."

Hilda did not answer; she turned her face towards the window again and fingered the leaves of the book on her knee. Quiet as the action was, Lady Mildred's observant eyes took note of it, and her strongly-marked brows were drawn nearer together.

"You danced twice with Mr. Hayes also," she went on calmly. "I was glad of that; he is one of the most desirable men we know."

Still Hilda did not speak; and, rising suddenly, Lady Mildred crossed the room and seated herself near the silent girl.

"You know, Hilda, what my object was in contriving this season for you in town?"

"Yes, mother."

"You know how I have pinched and schemed and saved for the past two years that I might enable you to hold your own fairly well side by side with your uncle's daughters?"

"I know you have been most self-denying, mother."

"Nonsense! Every woman has a right to do the best she can for her own. Ever since your father's death left me with such a very insufficient income—considering what I had been accustomed to—I have been putting by for this year's expenses—now five pounds, now ten, as I could spare it. I made up my mind, the moment I saw the promise of decent looks in you, that you should have one fair chance; and I think you are having it."

"Yes, mother; you have been very generous. I am not indifferent or ungrateful."

"Well, now I want you to show your appreciation in a definite way. You know the ultimate object of all this self-denial and generosity, as you are pleased to call it; that object is now within your reach, and I think I have a right to expect that you will not reject it, and render all my past efforts worse than useless."

"I don't think I understand, mother."

"I think you do, Hilda."

The soft gray eyes fell in swift confusion, and the faint pink in the girl's cheeks suddenly disappeared.

"If you do not," the calm cold voice continued, "you must be far more blind in such matters than most girls of your age. Mr. Hayes has behaved in the most open, honorable manner ever since he was first introduced to you; he has made no attempt to conceal his admiration or his intentions, and he is certainly entitled to a corresponding frankness on your part."

Hilda's answer was a long time coming. She could not trust herself to speak until she had suppressed a wild longing to sink down at her mother's feet with a passionate appeal for more freedom. Nothing but her knowledge of the uselessness of such a proceeding restrained her. All her life long her mother had exacted from her the most unquestioning obedience; and was it likely that she would be satisfied with less now, in a matter upon which she had been counting for years? Besides, Lady Mildred abominated anything approaching a scene. Again and again Hilda had been warned against a tendency to "emotional displays," until she had come to regard any show of feeling as a fault to be very resolutely struggled against. When at last she did speak, though her lips quivered, her voice and manner were comparatively calm.

"Men very seldom mean as much as they imply, mother; I think and hope you are mistaken about Mr. Hayes."

"I neither think nor hope it," her mother retorted, with merciless determination. "Mr. Hayes is a man of many advantages. Mrs. Penfold has assured me that his place in Kent is everything one could wish. She says he must be worth close on thirty thousand a year. He is absolutely without encumbrance in the shape of kith or kin; and, having returned from Australia on the death of his uncle only a few months ago, the girl who is fortunate enough to marry him will be able to form her own circle—no mean advantage, let me tell you. Then he is a gentleman, a thoroughly good fellow, and very much in love with you. What more can you want? If you accept him, it will do away with any childish folly there may be between you and Hugh Mackenzie, which is another reason in favor of such a decision. Hugh is ornamental as a humble admirer, but you know how close your uncle has to keep his younger sons to make up for Tenterden's extravagances. Hugh will never be able to think of marriage, unless some girl with money—at liberty to follow her own inclination—falls in love with his handsome face. His attentions to you mean less than nothing. As for a marriage of the affections, that is entirely out of the question with him, and he is fully aware of the fact. It is as well you should be told this; there can no chance then of any future misunderstanding. As to making a mistake about Mr. Hayes' intentions, that is not possible—he spoke definitely to me last night."

"Definitely?" echoed Hilda, looking up in a sudden terror which made her unmindful of the tears she had hitherto concealed so carefully. "Definitely, mother? You mean——"

"I mean that in all probability Mr. Hayes will call here this morning to make his proposal in due form, and that I shall expect you to reward me for the patient planning and sacrifices of the past years by accepting him."

A wild feeling of rebellion stirred the girl's impulsive heart at this quiet disposal of her without one thought for her own wishes; but Lady Mildred rose as if the matter did not admit of further argument, and, turning at the door to say, "I am sure you will not disappoint me, my child," she walked quietly out of the room.

Hilda sat very still, with her eyes fixed upon the closed door. If she had only not seen so much of Hugh during the past two months, things would have seemed very different. If this marriage had been only a matter of indifference to her, it would have been bad enough; but, with her love for Hugh, how was she to live through it and make no sign?

And, while she still sat alone in her misery, she heard Hugh's voice on the stairs outside. It was quite a usual thing, his calling in this unceremonious fashion in the morning to ask if they had need of an escort anywhere, and not unfrequently, as now, he found his way up unannounced.

In a spirit of self-defence she passed her handkerchief quickly across her eyes; but the precaution was useless. At the first glance Hugh saw she had been crying, and, with a hasty look round the room, stepped forward and put his hand upon her arm.

"My dear little cousin," he said softly, "what is the matter? What have you been crying about—spoiling your dear eyes? Has aunt Mildred been scolding? Let me guess what the trouble is, Hilda. She is angry because you danced too much with me last night."

She said nothing, but tried to move away from him.

"I know it," he went on gently. "It is such a pity people must be for ever managing and meddling, and arranging everybody's affairs according to their own ideas! Why can't she leave us to enjoy our short summer-time of happiness in our own way?"

He did not speak angrily, nor even with vexation; that Hilda had been hurt seemed the chief cause of complaint.

"It makes me wretched to see you unhappy, dear; try to forget auntie's fault-finding. I don't see what she has to grumble at. Surely a man can be attentive to his cousin without creating scandal—especially when she is a cousin to be proud of! I wonder if you have any idea what a darling you looked last night in that pretty frock! You should always wear primrose, Hilda; it throws up the dusky shades in your hair, and makes your eyes look almost blue. There wasn't a prettier girl than you in the rooms last night."

She looked at him for the first time, but there was no gratification in her glance; it conveyed rather an unspoken reproach. Flattery was such poor comfort to her just then! He read the expression aright, and this time he did not attempt to stop her when she moved away, but watched her with a momentary cloud on his face.

There was nothing remarkable about Hugh Mackenzie. He was one of those well-featured, clear-skinned, finely-built young men with flaxen hair, yellow moustache, and blue eyes, perfectly dressed and well set up, who may be met by the dozen any day in the season between Piccadilly Circus and Kensington, as heedless of the day before or the morrow as any butterfly. The cloud on his face now was nothing but a passing shadow. He was his usual pleasant attractive self again by the time he had followed his little cousin, and seated himself in the chair lately occupied by Lady Mildred.

"You are not hurt or angry with me about anything, I hope?" he said, with a pleading smile. "I wouldn't vex you for all the world, dearest. Please tell me I am innocent of offence."

He took her hand as he spoke and kissed it with a subdued tenderness. This affectionate intercourse with a pretty pure-minded girl was exceedingly pleasant, Hugh Mackenzie was no ascetic to deny himself a pleasure because of its possible consequences to another.

The warm pressure of his lips on her hand seemed distasteful to Hilda now. She shrank away from him, and, taking up a work-basket near her, found employment for both her hands.

"No," she said; "my tears were foolish ones, Hugh. Mother brought me this morning, for the first time, face to face with the grim responsibilities of life, and—I was a little scared. I suppose every girl is so at the first view. I shall grow reconciled in time; others do, why not I?"

"I'm going to guess again, Hilda. Aunt Mildred has been frightening you with a body named Hayes."

"You know?" she asked breathlessly.

"No; but I guessed. I shouldn't worry myself about it, dear. He will come and make his offer, and you will say, 'No, thank you,' and he will go away again, and we shall be just as happy as we were before he came to disturb us."

"Ah, but," began Hilda; but she checked herself, fearing that she might say too much.

"Why, you know the thing is absurd!" he went on, scarcely aware of her interruption. "Hayes must be nearly forty; and he is such a sober old stick, so dreadfully in earnest about everything! Upon my word, he gives one the impression of being a 'very much married man' already! Who knows—perhaps he has a wife and family even now awaiting his return at some up-country station at the antipodes? If he really does you the honor to propose, ask him the question, Hilda. No, by Jove, though, don't! He might take it as a sign that you meant to accept him, and that is not to be thought of for a moment. It is like his impudence to dream of such a thing!"

She listened to his light chatter in silence. Words were useless—a terrible truth had dawned upon during the past few minutes. Hugh could joke over this question of her engagement to another man; well, then, nothing else was of any importance. The sun could never shine for her again. All that was left to her was as good a show before the world as was possible.

When her mother came in presently, she was much relieved on noticing her daughter's manner—the low voice and calm face were all she could wish for. In her heart she was congratulating herself upon the success of her system. Strong feeling was out of date. Hearts did not break nowadays. It was the age of materialism; sorrow was not likely to have a lasting hold upon a person whose every wish was studied and gratified. Before the first anniversary of her wedding-day Hilda would be ready to acknowledge that her mother had known best.

Hugh Mackenize did not stay long after Lady Mildred's reappearance. Despite his constant flow of airy chatter, her ladyship made him quickly understand that his society was not desirable on that particular morning. So, having ascertained that he could be of no immediate service to either of the ladies, he took his leave.

Directly he had gone, Hilda found some excuse for going to her own room. She could not sit quietly under her mother's covert watchfulness. She must have just five minutes' tranquillity to steady herself under the double shock of Mr. Hayes's pretensions and Hugh's indifference.

In the solitude of her own room, with her aching head pressed against the cold window-pane, and her burning eye absently fixed upon the traffic below, she was presently aroused from her apathy of hopelessness by the stopping of a hansom before their door.

She drew back quickly, but still watched the arrival through the curtain, with a curiosity akin to that with which a condemned criminal might eye the gallows on the morning of his execution.

The gentleman who alighted from the cab was tall, broad-shouldered, and well dressed—so much would have struck any observer at the first glance. It would have been difficult to guess his age. The ease of his movements gave him a youthful air, which was negatived by the exceptional gravity of his face. If not actually good-looking, it was certainly a remarkable countenance, one which would always attract attention. The lips, scarcely hidden by the small dark moustache, and the outline of chin and cheeks were suggestive of an iron will, and yet there were possibilities of something more tender in the glance of the deep-set dark blue eyes and the fine curve of the brows—possibilities which apparently lay dormant, or at best only half aroused at present. It was certainly a face not easily read—the face of a man whose finer, gentler qualities had lain fallow so long that he had forgotten he possessed them. Above all, it was the face of a man with a dark past.

Poor little Hilda, watching him from above, felt all this. The more thought that there was something singular in his past life, some vital difference between him and the other men of her acquaintance, caused her to dread if not to fear him. And this was the man she was to marry—the man who was to rule her future for good or for evil! The fiat had gone forth; and she would as soon have attempted resistance as would a fawn with the coil of the serpent already round it.

Mattie, Lady Mildred's maid, came to the girl presently, and said she had been sent for her; and, with a marble-white face, Hilda went down-stairs to her doom.

As she opened the room door, her mother left the visitors in the window and came over to her daughter at once.

"Mr. Hayes's visit this morning is to you, my darling," she said, holding the door with one hand as she spoke, and putting the other playfully under the girl's chin; "but he has told me what he wants to say to you, and he has my very best wishes for his success."

Then she slipped out of the room and closed the door behind her.

In that first moment Hilda was conscious of a slight confusion in her ideas, and leaned against the door half dazed; and the next thing knew was that in her mother's low chair by the fireplace, with her back to the light, and some one was holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Please drink," a resolute voice was saying. "A good draught of water is the best thing in the world for a touch of faintness."

She did as she was bidden, and lay back wearily in the chair.

"I am afraid Lady Mildred was a little too abrupt," resumed the voice; and Hilda opened her eyes with a start and saw Mr. Hayes standing over her, with a glass in his hand, looking down at her in anxious perplexity.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, suddenly awakening to the fact that she was giving some trouble, and rousing herself in considerable alarm. "I was—was—not attending properly. I've a headache this morning, and I'm rather stupid. What was it you were saying?"

"That we had not treated you with proper consideration. Put your head back again, and don't worry about anything; you look thoroughly upset. Would you like me to go away, Miss Priestly, and come again some——"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, sitting upright again. "Mother would—I mean," she amended, her pale cheeks flushing, "I am quite well again now, thank you! I am so sorry to have given you so much trouble!"

"Trouble?" he echoed. "I was sorry on your account; but trouble!" He put down the glass, drew a chair a little nearer to her, and sat down, looking at her as if he were in considerable doubt as to what he ought to do. "It seems a cruel thing to worry you when you are ill; but, if you are sure you can bear it, why, I will go on! Lady Mildred was very kind to me this morning—much more kind than I deserve. She told me that, from all she had heard of me, there was no man to whom she would sooner give her little daughter."

Hilda clasped her small white hands nervously and raised her sad eyes to his, and her lips parted as if she were going to speak. He waited for some moments, but, as her eyelids fell again, he went on—

"That was pleasant news for me, because that same little daughter is the one thing in all the world that my heart longs to possess. Still there is something else to be gained—something far more important than Lady Mildred's approbation. I am told that I am not to expect an outspoken confession of love from you, that young girls can't bring themselves easily to that sort of thing. Well, I must make up my mind to that, I suppose; but you will give me some little sign of kindness, I hope? You seem such a dainty little flower-blossom to me that I am afraid to say anything about my own feelings for fear of scaring you. If I begin, they will carry me away, and you will think me a rough boisterous manic. Since my return to the old country, people have said to me over and over again that it is my duty to society place a mistress at the head of my establishment, speaking as if it were a mere matter of business routine. Perhaps they will think it is my desire to do my duty to society which has induced me to propose to you; if so, they never made a greater mistake. I ask you to marry me because I am as madly, as passionately in love with you as if I were a boy of twenty instead of a man of thirty-five. I laughed at first, and called myself a weak-minded fool, because I was not able to get your face and voice out of my head; but I soon found out that it was no no good laughing, that you were enshrined in my heart, and there you would remain, do what I would to pluck you out. So I made up my mind to try my luck; and here I am. Don't think that, because I speak quietly, I do not mean what I say; the lessons of a hard life have taught me the value of self-control in all circumstances. It is not the most vehement talker who feels the most. I won't go so far as to say that this is a matter life or death to me, but I ask you to believe that the happiness of my future life is in your hands, for I know that I shall never again feel for any woman as I feel towards you."

Hilda had not grasped the full meaning of his words, but the subdued passion of the low vibrating voice had made some impression upon her. She now realized that there was another factor to reckon with. Though she had not thought of rebelling, the discovery of his sincere affection for her had some share in inducing her silently to consent. But for this display of feeling, she might have given him some hint of the true state of her heart, and much misery and suffering might have been spared them.

"Your mother told me that mine would be your first offer of marriage," he continued, leaning towards her, "and that I must expect to find you very shy and nervous, and disinclined to help me in any way. So I will try to help you instead. Will you give me one of your flowers, Hilda—narcissi, aren't they?—in return for my lilies, and I will accept the exchange in place of the words find it so difficult to speak?"

Tremblingly, but without any hesitation, she took the flowers from her breach and held them out to him, and, as he took them from her, he grasped her hand and kissed the dainty finger-tips with warm tender kisses of gratitude.

In spite of his consideration and gentleness however, she had some difficulty in keeping back her tears, and was inexpressibly thankful when he released her hand.

"Am I too violent?" he asked, as he laid his flowers upon her knee. "You must teach me better manners, little one. I wonder how you would look if I allowed my feelings full play at this moment? Oh, no; I promise to behave myself," he said, seeing the sudden look of fear in her eyes—"I will not say or do anything to disturb your dainty dignity! But some day, Hilda, when I may venture to speak out, when you are no longer inclined to be afraid of me, you will know my love for you is like."

"You are very kind," she faltered, touched by some subtle ring of self-repression in his voice. "You must not think I am afraid of you; only it is strange—and—and—now—and——"

"My dear little child," he interrupted very gently, "I quite understand. Don't begin to worry your tender heart about me. I am not sensitive—at least, I never have been; I might be perhaps where you are concerned. Some day in the sweet by-and-by I will tell you all about myself and my wild life out in the Australian bush. It is not a very creditable story, I'm afraid; the memory of which has troubled me a good deal since I have known you. It has seemed—indeed it does it still seem—such gross presumption for a man with a past like mine to dream of gaining the love of a pure dainty creature who doesn't know what sin and wickedness are. But my past and its shadows shall never darken your life; henceforth my heart and mind shall be devoted to making your path bright and happy, and the past shall be left behind us for ever."

He rose, and Hilda stood up too, waiting with a painful feeling of dread for his farewell greeting. But there was no ground for her alarm.

For a few moments he stood with her hand in his, looking at her with a strange softening of the lines about his eyes and lips; but the pathos of her face and attitude seemed to impress him, and he contented himself with kissing her hand. Then he turned, as if afraid to trust himself, picked up his hat, and walked to the door.

"Au revoir!" he said, smiling back at her. "We meet at the theatre to-night. Lady Mildred has offered me a seat in her box."

CHAPTER II.

THE world voted it an excellent match in every way. No doubt, if Lady Mildred had had her choice, she would have preferred a son-in-law who had not passed his life ever since his "teens" in the wilds of Australia, but then she had not the opportunity of choosing, and really, considering his long exile, Pierrepoint Hayes was civilized. Such an unsophisticated creature however was generosity personified when it came to pecuniary considerations; the wealthy colonist would secure handsome settlements to her winsome-faced little daughter—a by-no-means unimportant item in the selection of a husband for a penniless girl.

The engagement was to be a very short one; April was already half-way through when it was announced, and the wedding was to take place from Lord Morristown's house, in Wilton Place, during the first week in June. This suggestion really originated with Lady Mildred, though she would have been very indignant if anybody had accused of it.

There had been a faint hint on her part, which had been taken up eagerly by Hayes. Hilda was looking pale; London evidently did not agree with her; a July in town would try her very much. Lord Morristown had suggested an early move North for them all. Would Pierrepoint feel very much injured if his dear one was carried off to Scotland in the middle of the season? She would certainly never hold out until the end. In prospect there was nothing for it but a long separation, unless indeed Pierrepoint chose to put an end to everything of that sort for good by himself giving her the change she needed.

"And why not?" he had replied instantly, his feelings urging him on against his better judgment, which would fain have begged for more time on Hilda's account. "There is absolutely nothing to wait for but the inevitable new dresses and the settlements. Surely we can get those through quite early in June, before the sultry heat comes on; and I will take her away to some cool place at once!"

Lady Mildred hid her satisfaction as well as she could beneath a show of motherly reluctance, but she did not let the project drop. There was a haunting fear in her heart that, if she gave them too much time, those penetrating eyes of Pierrepoint's would see more than she wished them to see. Hilda was behaving remarkably well; but there was always the chance that some stray word might lead to an outburst of confidence on her part; and, though her ladyship gave them as little opportunity as possible for confidential conversation, she perceived that she would never feel thoroughly safe until for either of them there was no possibility of drawing back.

During those few weeks preceding her marriage Hilda lived in a never-ceasing whirl of occupation. What with the rush of gaiety—for Lady Mildred, proud of her daughter's success, insisted upon her being seeing everywhere—and the unending appointments with dressmakers and milliners, the child had scarcely an hour for quiet thought. Her one real pleasure during this time was the companionship of her only girl-friend, Theresa Sugden, who was to be her fourth bridesmaid, in company with the three Morristown girls.

It would have been a morose disposition indeed that could have held out for any length of time against Terry Sugden's cheeriness, and Hilda's pliant nature was forced to respond for the time being to her friend's bright gaiety.

The first time the two friends had a chance of interchanging confidence was at one of the Albert Hall fancy-fairs. Lady Mildred had been called away to give her opinion upon some question connected with the arrangement of a Scotch pageant, and left them safely in a quiet corner. The moment she was gone, Terry exclaimed—

"Ever since last night, Hilda, I have been longing to bless you for your goodness in remembering me; but I couldn't do it somehow before Lady Mildred. In spite of my admiration for her, I always feel I must keep to my company manners when she is anywhere about; above all, I wouldn't dare to gush before her."

Hilda could not help smiling.

"Mother is a little odd in that way; she objects to what she calls a vulgar parade of one's feelings. Sometimes I wonder if she has any feelings to parade."

"Oh, I didn't mean to insinuate anything of that sort, my dear—only when I am with her I feel so awfully effusive by contrast!"

"You are nothing of the sort, Terry! You are just the dearest, honestest girl in all the world. Don't, for goodness's sake, try to be different!"

"Very well then; since you don't object to my saying what I think, I will tell you that I simply consider you an angel to have remembered your old promise about the bridesmaid business. Girls don't often remember promises made in their school-days. I was so delighted to get a chance of coming up just now too, because my dearest and best is in London, and I want to introduce him to you."

"I am so anxious to see him, Terry; What is he like?"

"He's a fright, my dear!"

Hilda opened her eyes wide, and Miss Sugden laughed at her.

"It's true, Hilda. He is a guy; and yet I wouldn't change him for the handsomest man in London. He is long and lean and loose-jointed, with a walk like a camel's; and his nose and mouth are beneath contempt, and his eyes are nearly green, and he is very poor; and, in spite of it all, I love him with all my heart; and, if anything were to come between us, I should just fret myself away to a shadow and die!"

"Dear old Terry!" Hilda murmured affectionately. "He must be nice in spite of his plain face—as to which I don't believe half—you have told me about the worst half of him, Terry!"

"Ah, well, you must judge of his good points for yourself, for he will be here this afternoon! I told him we were coming. There is Mr. Hayes, Hilda—over there by the creamery stall! How those girls are pestering him! He takes it very quietly, but I should not think he is a good-tempered man, for all his perfect self-command. I like his face—there is such power and strength about it. You must be very good to him, Hilda; he is madly in love with you!"

Hilda smiled a gentle smile, and wondered what was detaining her mother so long; but Miss Sugden went on—

"How lovely it must be to have both riches and love! Hilda, you won't forget your poor friends in the day of your prosperity? Ask Jim and me to stay at Cruxwold, won't you?"

"Cruxwold? How did you know the name of the place, Terry?"

"My dear child," cried Terry laughingly, "everybody at Settermilling knows everything there is about your lover. Since your engagement was announced his whole family history has been hunted up. We know all about his funded property, his landed property, and his rent-roll. We know too that he inherited all his riches through his uncle's dying without a will, and that there was some disagreement between them in the long-ago, which kept Mr. Hayes out in Australia as long as the uncle was alive."

"Yes; he has been in England only since last autumn."

"Well, at any rate, you will be a very rich woman; and, considering how faithfully I always cribbed from your examination-papers at school, you owe me a debt of friendship which you can now repay. When you are Mrs. Pierrepoint Hayes, I shall——"

"Oh, hush, Terry!" whispered Hilda, with a quick gesture of repudiation. "Hush, dear! You—you hurt me!"

"Hurt you?" echoed Miss Bugden, with genuine surprise in her clear honest eyes at the expression of horror on her friend's face. "Why, Hilda——"

"No, no! Don't ask any questions, dear," interposed Hilda. "It was nothing—only hearing that name suddenly, and for the first time. You might be sure there is nobody in all the world that I would rather have with me," she hurried on, anxious to obliterate from Terry's mind all memory of that sudden little outburst of terror. "If Mr. Hayes would allow it, and you would come, dear, I should like to have you with me always, Terry."

"Not to be thought of for a moment," replied Terry decisively, "either on Mr. Hayes's part or mine! Mother will never spare me until I go to a home of my own—and goodness knows when that will be!"

There was a pause after that, during which Terry tried to look as if she were thinking of nothing in particular. Her next question was put with a fine show of idle curiosity: but she was not clever at dissimulation, and Hilda saw through the device at once.

"And cousin Hugh—how does he take the news of the marriage, Hilda? There was a rumor down at Settermilling a few weeks ago that he was to be the happy man. Mrs. Forbes heard from her sister-in-law that he was your shadow; said I remembered how happy he was with you down there last August, and thought there was very likely something in it."

"No, dear—nothing at all!" The words were spoken so quietly and decisively that Terry was convinced at once. "Hugh made himself very useful when we first came up, but we were always cousins pure and simple. I don't know what he thinks of the new arrangement yet; he has been away for the last few weeks. I don't believe I have spoken to him since the great event came off."

"Do you know, Hilda, I am just a little surprised to find you already such a matured young lady of fashion."

"How, Terry? What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, the way in which you speak of your engagement. You might be a blase woman of the world, without a touch of real emotion left, to hear how coolly you allude to it. I suppose it would be considered bad form among Lady Morristown's set for a girl to show the real state of her feelings."

Hilda smiled so strangely that Miss Bugden suddenly felt very uncomfortable.

"Yes, Terry, my dear," answered Hilda calmly; "I think it would be considered particularly bad form among my mother's relatives if I were to display my real feelings just now. By-the-bye, I hope you won't mind not having Mr. Betterton for your groomsman. Mr. Hayes has so few friends in London that he has asked Tenterden to be his 'best man'; and, as you are the only stranger among the bridesmaids, mother has paired you with him. Young men aren't fond of dancing attendance on their sisters."

"I hope he is not very overpowering, Hilda; my acquaintance among Viscounts is rather limited, and——"

"Are you going to pretend to be shy, Terry?" asked Hilda slyly. "You little hypocrite! There is nothing oppressive about Tenterden; he is even easier to get on with than Hugh—only he is much plainer. Oh, Terry," she broke off suddenly, "I'm sure that tall gentleman in the long coat must be Mr. Betterton—standing there, under the gallery, looking about him! Yes; he has seen you! Terry, how could you libel him so! How could a man with such a smile as that be plain."

"Oh, that is a part of his stock-in-trade, child!" observed Terry, with a grand air of indifference; nevertheless Hilda's warm tone of appreciation had brought a pleased look into her eyes. "That is the smile he sheds on a British jury when they show a leaning towards 'the other side.' Of one thing I beg to inform you, Hilda," she went on coolly, as the smiling gentleman came up; "his teeth are really his own. They are his one good point; so don't impugn them, unless you want to put me in a very bad temper."

"Upon my word, Terry, you are incorrigible!" said the new-comer standing gravely before them. "Luckily Miss Priestly understands your erratic ways. Will you present me; or shall we dispense with the unnecessary form and leave Terry out in the cold, Miss Priestly?"

But Terry was not to be subdued.

"Jim," she exclaimed, in a tragic whisper, as he shook hands with Hilda, "I do believe you've a pin in your wrist-band again!"

Jim glanced at Hilda, with an expression of mock despair on his face, and they both laughed aloud.

"But, Hilda," continued Terry, with an injured air, "he scratched me frightfully the last time it happened, and mother was inconveniently curious to know how the scratch got there—at the back of my neck, you know—and, when I complained, he calmly declared it was my own fault—that if we were married he wouldn't be driven to such expedients! Fancy the prospect, Hilda—to marry and live in chambers, to spend your whole life in making fair copies of your husband's pleadings, sewing on his shirt-buttons, and stirring the family stew!"

"It would be delightful, Terry," said Hilda, with enthusiasm—"simply delightful, so long as——" Then she stopped abruptly, and Betterton's keen eyes noted the sudden flush on her face and the quivering lips.

"Of course it would be delightful," he declared promptly. "That is what Terry really means, only she chooses to make a virtue of following her own dearest wish. I don't suppose, Miss Priestly, that I need tell you what an abominable little tyrant she is! She never met anybody who would put up with her until she came across me; and now she won't be happy till she has me entirely in her power, to bully as she likes."

And, as Hilda listened to the light-hearted chatter, and watched the thorough understanding between them, the pain at her heart grew sharper than ever. Poor, and with every prospect of a long period of struggle before them, yet how happy they were! Ah, Heaven, how she envied them!

With every moment fully occupied, the time passed with wonderful rapidity. Hilda would fain have kept back the fleeting hours, and it came as a shock to her when Terry remarked, in her usual reckless manner, that to-morrow week would be the fatal day, little guessing how fitting the words sounded in the ears of at least one of her listeners.

The careless observation, uttered as the girls bade one another "Good night," startled Hilda out of her forgetfulness; she had no sleep in the early part of the night, and, when she awoke in the morning, her thoughts started off so busily again that further rest was impossible. And so it happened that she was already dressed and down-stairs among the flower-boxes in the balcony some three-quarters of an hour before the usual breakfast-time, when a cab drove up hurriedly to the door and Mr. Hayes sprang out. With a quick glance up at her, he entered the house.

There was something unusual in this visit at such an hour, something odd too in his very evident haste, which had aroused her curiosity. She stood at the window listening for his footsteps on the stairs with a strong feeling of expectancy.

"This is most fortunate!" he said, hastily striding across to her the moment that the servant opened the door. "I hardly expected to find anybody down; I was afraid I should have to go away with only a message. I am exceptionally lucky in being enabled to see you!"

Looking at his anxious face, the idea occurred to her that he was not speaking the truth, she fancied he would rather have avoided this interview had it been possible. This idea was all the more remarkable, because she had formed an impression that, as a rule, he was careful to steer clear of anything like disingenuousness in his dealing with her.

"To go away?" she exclaimed. "Are you going away?"

"Unfortunately I must. I had a letter from Edinburgh by this morning's post which must be seen to before I—we—leave England. As the settlement business is fixed for the day after to-morrow, there was nothing for it but to rush off at once. I am on my way to King's Cross now to catch the ten-o'clock express."

"Oh!" she murmured blankly, and then added, with a sudden perception that something more was expected from her, "I hope you will have a comfortable journey."

"I'm too old a traveller to trouble much about that," he answered, with a laugh. "You will explain to Lady Mildred that this journey North was a matter that could not possibly wait; it is connected with a trust left in my hands by a dead friend. She will understand that such a thing could not be neglected."

"Of course; mother would not be so unreasonable, Mr. Hayes."

"No; I suppose not. Still it is awkward, having to run away like this just now. Well, I must be off, or I shall miss the train."

He took her cool slim little hand in his, and held it tightly but tenderly, as he always held it at parting, and then he drew her a little nearer to him.

"I had made up my mind not to ask you to kiss me until you were my wife, Hilda," he said gently; "but this is a contingency I did not reckon. I've a superstitious feeling on me this morning that I should like you to kiss me for luck. Will you?"

She raised her cheek, just as she would have yielded anything else he claimed as a right from her. But he shook his head and smiled with a touch of deprecation.

"Ah, no! I could take as many as I like if I choose to do so," he said. "I wanted a free gift. Never mind! It was only a foolish idea of mine. Some other day perhaps! Heaven bless you, my dear little girl! I shall be back by Friday. You will not be out of my thoughts for one moment!"

The next minute she was watching the cab disappearing down the street, with a half-acknowledged wish in her heart that she had done as he asked her. There was a hunted, worried look in his eyes as he made his request which haunted her all through the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHT.—Light travels at the rate of 190,000 miles per second. Several methods of calculating the velocity with which light is transmitted are known. By one, the size of the minute circle through which the observation of light makes stars apparently revolve is carefully noted—that is, the wandering of the rays of light from their normal path when passing through curved lenses, or reflected from curved mirrors—and the relative proportion of the earth's velocity in her orbit to that of light arriving from the stars is ascertained. The result is that light is found to move about a hundred thousand times as fast as the earth, which gives the velocity of a ray of light as about 190,000 miles per second.

By another method, observation is made of the time in which light actually arrives at the eye from one of Jupiter's satellites at the commencement or close of occultation—that is, its being temporarily hidden by another heavenly body passing over it—as compared with the calculated times of those satellites.

It is found that eight minutes eighteen seconds are required for light to travel over half the earth's orbit, which gives, as in the former case, about 190,000 miles per second for its velocity. The velocity has been also measured directly by instrumental methods.

CHARACTER TOLD BY THE EYES.—A person's character can often be best told by the color and depth of his eyes. People do not usually apply more than four or five colors to eyes, so that any that are not blue or black or brown or hazel are called grey. Yet there are a hundred different kinds of grey eyes.

You seldom see a stupid person with grey eyes, but the genuine grey is always found among highly intellectual people. Steel-grey eyes, with large pupils, denote intense feeling; blue-grey eyes are generally possessed by people with kindly hearts. You never find a mean spirit behind a pair of blue-grey eyes.

Blue eyes denote quickness of thought and generally fine physical development when they are large and bright. A large proportion of our engineers, lighthouse keepers, policemen and many others have blue eyes. Hazel eyes denote musical ability and grace of person.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN PERSIA.—Carpet-weaving in Persia is done exclusively by women of all ages. The only share the men take in the work is that to them the merchants give out the designs, the colors, and money required for the weaving. The men also see to the purchase of the wool, &c., and afterwards deliver the carpets to the merchants.

THE RAIN TREE.—In the northern part of Peru, in what is otherwise an arid desert, the celebrated "rain tree" grows. It has the extraordinary property of condensing what little moisture there is in the atmosphere so as to cause a continual mist to exude (seemingly) from its leaves, which when examined with a strong glass exhibit many of the qualities of the common sponge.

THE EMPRESS-MOTHER.—The Empress-Mother of China is obliged to resort to various means to replenish her coffers. One of the most profitable of these is the sale of orders, the tariff of which is as follows. The title of "Yan Foh," knight, costs about forty pounds; "No Dan," which is a little higher, comes to sixty pounds; "Yun Why," or the title of baron, is to be acquired for two hundred pounds; and for five hundred pounds a Chinaman can be made "Chesoo," or mayor of a town with ten thousand inhabitants.

COMING BACK AGAIN.—Henry A. Summers, of New York, who died recently, made a curious will, which his son hopes to have set aside. He left his property to the son, but with the proviso that it should not be sold in 200 years, as within that time the deceased hopes to resume his career on earth, and wishes then to come into possession of the property. The son says that during his latter days his father became possessed with the idea that he would return to earth after death. The will, he says, is a curiosity that should be possessed by some museum.

QUEER BEQUESTS.—Some queer bequests have been made in favor of pets. About eighty years ago "Elizabeth Orby Hunter, of Upper Seymour Street, widow," gave to her parrot, which she described as her "faithful companion of twenty-five years," an annuity of two hundred guineas, to be paid half-yearly as long as it should live to whoever may have the care of it and proves its identity." Elaborate provisions were made for the welfare of the parrot, a guardian being appointed to insure its comfort. In another case of an annuity to provide for a parrot, the question was eventually raised whether the annuity was to be continued during the life of the old woman to whom the money was left for this specific purpose, or whether it ceased with the existence of the bird. The question was settled in favor of the woman.

COUNTERFEIT OYSTERS.—The process of counterfeiting the manifold necessities and luxuries of life goes blithely forward, and every day some new article yields to the skill of the counterfeiter. If there is, in the visible universe, a creation which seems able to defy imitation, it is the oyster; but a Bordeaux paper gravely declares that artificial oysters are becoming common in France, and that the resemblance is so close that detection is almost impossible. Their composition is not explained, but they are colored by a mineral wash, and fastened to genuine shells by glue invented for the purpose, which dries to the precise semblance of the cartilage which binds the live oyster to his habitation. Here is a rare chance for some anti-monopolist to replace the waning glories of bogus butter.

THE HATCHING OF SEA-FISH AND SHELL-FISH.—In many countries whose sea-fisheries are comparatively of less importance than are those of Scotland, hatcheries for sea-fish and shell-fish have been in operation for a number of years. In the United States this branch of fishery-work has been developed for several years with successful results. Last summer enormous shoals of young cod were present off Massachusetts coast, which the fishermen—who, it is stated, are convinced that the work will be vastly beneficial to them—are unanimous in considering to be due to the efforts of the Fish Commission. At the Government hatchery at Flodevigan, in Norway, during the present year, there were hatched and planted on the fishing-grounds along the coast no fewer than one hundred and ninety-two million of young cod; and last year, at the sea-fish hatchery erected in Dildo Island by the Government of Newfoundland, seventeen million cod and over four hundred million lobsters were hatched and subsequently distributed in the inshore waters.

A POISONED CUP.

BY M. M.

Mingle a poisoned cup to-night,
Embitter it with tears,
That I may drink—and then forget
These many years.

Pluck first the leaves upon the grave,
Where rests in sleep my earliest love,
She stole the peace we should have shared,
And flew above.

Melt next the gold—the price of one
Whose treason wrecked my stormy life;
The gold that pays for such a crime
Is poison rife.

Then steal the drops, from out her heart,
Where sticks the festering dagger, Pride—
Who swore she loved—then could not trust,
So stood aside.

Take these, and brew a potent draught,
Embitter it with tears—
Then shall I sleep a dreamless sleep,
Unnumbered years.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "HUSHED UP," "GWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI—(CONTINUED).

THE first few days and nights that followed the destructive fire at Tresham Park were a period of protracted and serious anxiety to Lancelot Tresham.

"I have killed my wife and rendered my boy motherless!" he groaned half a dozen times a day into the patient ears of Polly Carstairs, who had installed herself as Cecily's only nurse, and had taken up her abode for the time being at the Bear with her maid. "I have killed my wife, I tell you, Polly, and no one knows it better than I do! If it had not been for me, she would never have committed such an act of folly as coming down to Tresham in disguise; but I drove her to it! If I had only gone boldly to my uncle, as Cecily begged me, poor dear, Heaven knows how often, it is possibly he might have resigned himself to the inevitable, after a time, at any rate, and for the sake of the boy—who, I must confess, is a fine little chap and a Tresham every inch of him—have forgiven my deception. As it is, I feel I can never look Sir Geoffrey in the face again. Heavens knows, were it not for the child, I should care precious little about his disinheriting me; it's only what I ought to expect, and, indeed he has warned me of it so often when I have offended him that it would be rather a relief to find it had happened at last; but, whether she lives or dies, I shall always feel poor Cecily must reproach me for the part I have played. If I could only have my time over again, how differently I would act, Polly, but, alas, in this life there is no turning back!"

"No; but one can always go forward," rejoined his companion cheerfully; it needed some one with an inexhaustible fund of good-humor, animal spirits to bear with Lance's incessant repinings at this particular period, and even Miss Carstairs, with all her prosperity and an extra cause for light-heartedness that she had kept strictly to herself up to the present time, found it as much as she could do to combat the morbid self-reproach that had taken hold of him. "No one can undo the past, Captain Tresham, and, as for living one's life over again, I suppose there is not a creature who, looking back on by gone experiences, would not do very differently, had he or she known what would be the results of their former actions; but still we all have it in our power to alter our way of life—I mean with regard to the principles that direct it—and, as you have proved incontestably to yourself, I imagine, that any line of conduct not perfectly straightforward and above board does not pay in the long run, why not turn over a new leaf, as the children say, and begin by going over to the Rectory this afternoon and demanding an interview with your uncle? You owe him that duty, at any rate; and you may be quite sure of one thing—that, until you take the initiative yourself, he will make no sign, for he is as obstinate as any old mule!"

"Yes, and most probably when I get there he will refuse to see me, and in the meantime Cecily may be taken much worse, and I shall be out of the way," rejoined Lancelot despondently.

The conversation was taking place in the sitting-room adjoining Mrs. Tresham's sick-room—an apartment that, strewed with Miss Carstairs' manifold and costly possessions and further adorned with such screens, rugs, and fal-lals as she had been able to procure from the limited resources of a country town, presented by this time quite a gorgeous appearance and filled the heart of Mrs. Jones, the landlady, to whom the fire at the Park had proved quite a harvest, with endless admiration.

Polly, seated before a despatch-box, a litter of papers and envelopes surrounding her, her dress a triumph of the tailor's art, erect, smooth-headed, bright-eyed as usual, with no trace of having passed more than half the night in Cecily's sick-room apparent on her fresh brightly-tinted face, turned round to look at her companion with a smile at his melancholy tones.

"More excuses, oh knight of rueful countenance!" she said gaily. "Do you know, I have a great mind to keep the good news Doctor Symes has just told me all to myself this morning, just to punish you for being so ungrateful? Why, Cecily is getting ever so much better! Her temperature is degrees lower, he says, and, if she goes on improving like this, she is to have chicken to-morrow and will be on the sofa by the end of the week. She passed a quieter night than she has done since the fire, and her arm is healing rapidly. Symes says there is no reason now why the child should not be sent for, and I shall write to-day, if you will tell me what will be the best morning train for him and his nurse to travel by; your wife will mend twice as fast when the boy is once in the house, and I am sure it is all in your favor to have him here. Sir Geoffrey has been so anxious for an heir that the sight of your son is sure to appease his wrath with your unlucky self, if anything will!"

"Well, just as you like. Of course, he must come, I suppose; but it won't make any difference, you'll see," replied Tresham, rising and taking up his hat in rather a sullen manner.

He dawdled about the room for another five minutes or so, picking up the daily paper and dropping it again, while Polly plunged once more into her correspondence, apparently oblivious of his presence.

On the whole, Lance decided that it was just as well to do as Polly had asked him. Of course sooner or later he must make a clean breast of his affairs, matrimonial or otherwise, to Sir Geoffrey. The cat was fairly out of the bag now, and further concealment impossible. Since the fire Captain Tresham had never once seen his uncle. Every day a footman came over from the Rectory with baskets of fruit and flowers, and inquiries from aunt Lavinia as to his wife's progress towards recovery; but Sir Geoffrey maintained an obstinate and ominous silence, and until that silence was broken it was impossible to say what course he meant to pursue.

"I'll go at once and get it over!" ejaculated Tresham to himself, with sudden energy, while Polly, glancing up from her writing, nodded approval.

"The longer you delay the worse it will be for you; you may be sure of that!" she ejaculated, biting the end of her penholder energetically as she spoke. "And, if I might give you a word of advice, Captain Tresham, hide nothing, just tell the truth! One thing is quite certain: your wife is a woman in a thousand, and worth running the gauntlet of Sir Geoffrey's displeasures for."

"Ay, you're right there, Polly! She's too good for me," responded Tresham briefly; and Miss Carstairs, standing presently at the sitting-room window to watch, as he walked—quite rapidly for him—down the narrow street, fully endorsed the truth of the remark.

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The arrival of Mr. Lancelot Geoffrey Tresham—commonly known as "Tots"—on the scene formed quite an epoch in the annals of Brierly. From the hour he put in an appearance at the station, under the joint guardianship of his nurse and his father, who, at Cecily's earnest request, had gone to Mulberry Cottage to fetch his son, life consisted for him of one long series of triumphs. Wherever he went, everybody conspired to pet and make much of him. The fact of his being the Captain's only child and Sir Geoffrey's great-nephew raised him at once to the position of a royal duke in the eyes of the Tresham tenants and Brierly tradespeople. Whether Sir Geoffrey chose to acknowledge his new-found great-nephew or not, public opinion installed him at once as the future representative of the Treshams.

Aunt Lavinia fell an easy victim to her great-nephew, of course; by stealth at first—for Sir Geoffrey still kept up a great show of displeasure and the interview between Lancelot and himself had been a stormy one—but by degrees more openly, she paid daily visits to the Bear, sitting for a few minutes besides Cecily's bed and patting her hand, and then stealing off to the nursery to turn herself into a lion or a giant or a boa-constrictor or any other agreeable beast or reptile that Tots demanded.

Thus events continued slowly to shape themselves. To Cecily Tresham the period of her convalescence was one of absolute peace and enjoyment. To lie quietly amongst the pillows of the old four-poster in her old-fashioned bed room at the Bear, tended by kindly loving hands, and slowly winning her way back to health and strength, free from the terrible mental strain of the past month, to feel that all the deception and wrong doing in which she had been unwillingly involved ever since her marriage were at an end for ever, and that in future she could take her place as Lancelot Tresham's wife without any need of concealment—this for the present seemed all sufficient for her.

And Lance too was more loving and affectionate than she had known him since the first few weeks of their wedded life. Whether it was that the narrow escape he had of losing his wife altogether had suddenly opened his eyes to how dear she really was to him, and how necessary to the happiness of his life, whether the undoubtedly false position in which he had placed himself by the concealment of his marriage made him cling to her as one who, no matter what his fault, would always find an excuse instead of a reproach for him—whatever the cause, the fact remained that Tresham appeared only happy in Cecily's presence and vied with Polly Carstairs in his eager anticipation of her smallest wish.

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Meanwhile Sir Geoffrey, left entirely to himself—for those who knew him best were aware how fatal was any attempt at coercion—was gradually modifying his views and cooling in his passionate revolt against his nephew's improvident and clandestine marriage.

Possibly the unexpected release thus afforded him from the mad scheme of matrimony into which, through pique and disappointment at Lance's determination not to marry the heiress, he had nearly been betrayed, made him more disposed to be lenient than usual. Possibly too the successful and heroic efforts made by Cecily to rescue his precious manuscripts on the night of the fire scored largely in her favor, and without doubt the strange coincidence of her being the daughter of his dead love revived in the old man's breast some faint reminiscence of the one romance of his youth, and disposed him to act forgivingly towards Dorothy Heseltine's daughter.

But it remained for Tots—Tots the mighty, Tots the magnificent—successfully to turn the scale in his parents' favor; to invade the sacred precincts of the library at the Park, artfully introduced there by Miss Lavinia, who had spent many a weary half-hour trying to teach her grand-nephew to say, "Uncle Geoff" distinctly, and who was listening eagerly when the urchin, with all the boldness of happy childhood, gaily intruded on Sir Geoffrey's privacy, and, unabashed, toddled up to the old man as he sat, pretending to read, in the big Windsor chair that was his accustomed seat.

He started violently at the unexpected appearance of his visitor, made a half attempt to rise, yet checked it, as the child laid one pink dimpled hand upon his knee.

"Eh—what's this? Where do you come from?" he ejaculated, after a momentary pause, during which he eyed Tots through his spectacles.

"Heaven," was the prompt reply to this query; and Sir Geoffrey grunted and stared harder than ever.

"What's your name?" was his next venture; and Tots acquitted himself nobly.

"Geffy Lance Teesam," he answered with great importance, and then, with a sudden inspired recollection of his lesson, "Oo's uncle Geff—auntie says so. Show pleshure," and at the same time seizing on the page of the book open before his great uncle, and struggling to hoist himself upon his knee.

Crying heartily, Miss Tresham only waited to see the child comfortably perched upon her brother's lap, and then stole away through the half-open door through which she had witnessed this little scene, thankful for the success of her innocent stratagem.

Half an hour, an hour passed, and no summons came from Sir Geoffrey to take Tots away. Miss Tresham, waiting and in her own sitting-room, became nervous at last, thinking that her brother might have gone out unknown to her, and left the boy alone. Awful visions of fire, only too fresh in her mind, for, although they had by this time returned to the Park, many of the rooms were still uninhabitable and boarded up until the repairs could be effected, assailed her at last as she thought of Tots left alone near a blazing fire. Her anxiety becoming too great to be borne any longer, she made her way once more on tiptoe to the bottom of the turret stairs leading to the library. On arrival there, the most extraordinary medley of sounds greeted her terrified ears. Shrieks from Tots, mingled, with the most hideous roars, shouts, and groans, were distinctly audible, the noises being accompanied by a thumping and bumping on the floor overhead, only to be accounted for by the fact that some desperate struggle was going on.

A final and awful crash against the library door accompanied by a shrill scream from Tots and a series of most ferocious growls, decided Miss Lavinia.

She flew up the little staircase at a pace very unlike her usually stately tread, and timidly opened the library door. An astounding sight her gaze. The room was in the wildest confusion; the heavy furniture was all pushed aside, rugs were up, waste-paper baskets upset, table covers awry. In the midst of this chaotic disorder appeared Sir Geoffrey on hands and knees, crimson and panting, and, astride upon his back, one of the crimson worsted bell-ropes twisted round his luckless great-uncle's neck in lieu of reins, and an immense ivory paper-knife brandished aloft to represent a sword, behold Master Tots, his curls in frantic confusion about his head, his blue eyes wide with excitement!

"We's killin' lions, me an' uncle Geoff!" he screamed, on perceiving his aunt peeping round the library door. "Uncle Geoff's gee-gee, an' I'm widing him! No—no, don't det up—don't det up!"—as the luckless steed, suddenly conscious of the absurdity of his position and angry to have been caught in it, made a determined effort to regain his natural position. "I tan't wide if 'oo 'tood upwight, uncle. 'Ere's another lion! 'Ere—I see him—under dat table-cloth. Do on—do on! Gee up, I say!"—and obedient to this command, poor Sir Geoffrey once more commenced to prance and curvet with the most horse-like actions he could muster, While Miss Tresham stood by applauding and laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks.

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"Yes—to think how you took us all in!" repeated Polly for the twentieth time.

Mrs. Tresham, lying back amongst the sofa-pillows, her arm in a sling, and looking very pretty and delicate, smiled faintly at the remark.

"I suppose I did, but at a terrible cost to myself, Polly. Looking back upon the whole thing now, I can hardly imagine how I could concoct such a scheme, still less carry it out; and yet, really, if it had not been for the fire, still more for my forgetting my black wig in the confusion, so that when I appeared at my window Lance recognized me, I believe I might have left the Park as I came, without any one finding me out."

"Well, you need not regret that. There was bound to be a denouement of the whole affair sooner or later, and I don't think myself you could have chosen a better moment for abandoning your disguise," said Miss Carstairs consolingly. "Sir Geoffrey must have been less than a man not to be disarmed by your actually imperilling your life to save his rubbishy old writings from the flames, and, although he held out so obstinately at first, I knew I was right, and that, if Captain Tresham would only confess himself in the wrong and tell him the whole circumstances of your marriage—keeping nothing back—he would become reasonable after a time. It was the deception practised upon him that he could not forgive at first, but he has a kind heart at bottom, and the existence of Tots alone scored so greatly in favor of a reconciliation, you see."

"Yes, of course; and then mother having been his old love, that was such an extraordinary coincidence; was it not?" responded Cecily. "How fortunate it is I am so like her—to look at, at any rate, although, according to Sir Geoffrey, I am not really so pretty," she added, smiling.

"But, really," said Polly, "everything has turned out most satisfactorily at last; and, now that Captain Tresham is thoroughly reinstated in his uncle's favor and your position as the future mistress of Tresham Park is assured, there is nothing

left to wish for, except that Mr. Tots is in due course sent to a good school and made a man of, instead of being kept at home too long and spoilt by everybody, as I expect was the case with his father before him."

"Yes—poor dear Lance! All his faults of injudicious bringing up and early training," said Cecily eagerly. "He has the noblest, most generous nature in the world, only he was always so over-indulged and given way to that he got into a habit of thinking he must have everything he wanted, no matter at what cost!" She lay back silent for a few minutes, a soft pink color tinting her cheeks. "You know, Polly dear, although thing have turned out so delightful for me, I often think I don't deserve it," she added presently, in rather a tremulous tone. "Really and truly, that foolish imprudent marriage with me has stood in Lance's way terribly. If it had not been for that, of course he would have married you."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Miss Carstairs, with more energy that elegance. "My dear Cecily, once for all believe me when I tell you what most people are too inclined to forget—namely, that by what may I suppose be called a special interposition of Providence on their behalf, heiresses as a race are very clear-sighted with regard to the motives of their admirers. Even had he been a free man, nothing about me but my money could ever have had any charm for your husband, and I must confess to an old-fashioned predilection for being liked for what I am, rather than for what I possess. Now, Dick——"

"Oh, Mr. Seldon worships the very ground you tread on, any one can see that!" responded Cecily, smiling. "But you must not be hard upon poor Lance, dear. You see, Sir Geoffrey was so determined he should propose to you, and he was so anxious not to offend his uncle, and—and so awkwardly placed altogether——"

"That he ought to be very grateful to you for having extricated him from a very equivocal position by forcing him to declare his marriage, and doing for him what he was too—too vacillating" another word, not quite so complimentary to Captain Tresham, trembled on Polly's lips, but was prudently suppressed—"to do for himself. On the whole, my dear, I think you may congratulate yourself on having let the cat out of the bag very successfully, and, as for Sir Geoffrey, I believe the excitement of the whole affair has been rather beneficial to him than otherwise; he has found out a fresh cause for the breaking out of the fire at Park every five minutes since it happened, and has flatly contradicted the firemen's given-in report, that it must have originated from a beam in the kitchen chimney."

"Lance says he writes a letter to the Times every day about it," remarked Mrs. Tresham, laughing.

"So he does, and then tears up the paper and thrusts it between the bars of the grate when he finds it has not been inserted. If there is a second conflagration, we shall know to whom we may attribute it," said Polly. "He denounces the fire-brigade in general, and the unfortunate one stationed at Brierly in particular; all his spare time at the Rectory was spent, they told me, in inventing some giant extinguisher which is to put out any flames directly, rendering the attendance of the firemen a matter of indifference, and the fire-escape of no use whatever. I must tell you he commenced his experiments on the kitchen-fire at the Rectory, and, as the cook was just in the middle of preparing late dinner, the result was disastrous in the extreme. The truth is, those engines only arriving just after poor Dick had succeeded in dragging you down that ladder has given him a topic of conversation for six months to come."

"Ah, that reminds me of what I have always intended to ask! How did Mr. Seldon get there?" exclaimed Cecily suddenly. "I had no time, as you may imagine, to feel astonished at anything; but still I own it did strike me as I saw him suddenly standing under my window. Don't mind my asking, Polly dear—but did you write to him, as you said? I hope—I do hope you did!"

Miss Carstairs colored, and, jumping up, made a sudden onslaught upon the fire, which did not in the least require it. Having succeeded in sending most of the coals into the fender, and dropping the poker, she returned to her seat, armed with a large Japanese fan to screen her face from the too-ardent blaze.

"Well, yes—if you want particularly to know, I did," she answered at last, with rather a shameful expression of countenance. "I sent a line—after I had torn up about a quire of note-paper over it—just a line to his club, you see. Somehow I didn't like the idea of his being eaten by savages just because he chose to go off to Africa in a huff; and, if stopping him did nothing else, I believe it saved you from being burned to death. So it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed; and it has blown good to more than me," responded Cecily softly, stretching out her slender fingers and placing them in Polly's firm white palm. "You will have an adoring husband—that is quite certain, Polly dear. There is such a reserve of strength about Mr. Seldon, one can fancy what his affection, once would be, and——"

"Well, at any rate, Dick is no fortune-hunter—thank Heaven for that!" said Miss Carstairs with fervor, too happy in her self-congratulation to notice her companion's slight wince at the ugly word. "He would have asked me to marry him eighteen months ago if only my confounded money had not stood in his way, he told me. As it is, he says he shall impress upon every one that I proposed to him, so I know what to expect. But I don't care. What's the odds so long as one's happy?"

Just then the door of the bed-room opened softly, and Lancelot Tresham came in.

"Not asleep, then?" he said, drawing a light chair to the side of his wife's sofa and taking her hand in his. "Do you know, madam, I have been having a long talk with uncle Geoffrey about you? Nothing will suit him but that you and I take up our abode at the Park for six months of the year, at any rate; he cannot part with the boy, he says. So as soon as you are well enough we are to go over there, and you are to choose your own rooms, which are to be decorated to suit your majesty's taste."

Cecily colored with pleasure.

"He is too good—every one is," she said, in a happy tone. "And about Tots, Lance dear? Where is he? I thought he was to come home early this afternoon because of his cold."

"So he was; but nothing would serve the young rascal except driving with aunt Lavinia to the station to see if the rocking-horse she ordered for him from town had come down," answered Tresham, laughing. "I said what I could, but aunt Lavinia looked so piteous that I did not like to interfere, and as they are in the brougham I don't think it will hurt him. Oh, by-the-by, too, talking of the station reminds me! Seldon has come down, Polly"—turning to Miss Carstairs, who immediately became scarlet and jumped up. "He's down-stairs in the coffee-room, and asked me to send word if he could come up to your sitting-room. Bless me"—as Polly gave her fringe an extra pat and, murmuring some excuse, hurried out of the room—"what a goose she does make of herself about that fellow to be sure! What she sees in him I cannot imagine; but women are the most fathomless creatures! I warrant you were never in such a hurry to catch sight of me, Cis—eh?" he questioned, with rather a wistful glance at his wife's fair face and a half sigh.

For an answer she carried his brown hand to her lips and pressed them passionately to it.

"You're sure you're not sorry, Lance? You don't wish you could have married her yourself?" she asked, after a brief silence.

Her husband put his disengaged hand under her chin, and raised the sweet face to his.

"My dear," he said, with more feeling than most people would have given Lance Tresham credit for, "I'm but a selfish fellow, I'm afraid, and not much of a bargain, after all; but of one thing you may always feel quite sure—since I married you I have never felt a wish to call any other woman my wife, and I am thoroughly convinced that what little good there is in my nature could never have been developed by anybody but yourself."

And with this reply Mrs. Tresham expressed herself profoundly satisfied.

THE END.

SURPRISING HIS WIFE.—Among the stranger freaks of the last Viennese carnival was the adoption by several of the city's leading beauties of imitation feet and sandals, accessories to mythological or classical costumes.

It appears that the pretty wife of an eminent Viennese historical painter had chosen the dress of a water sprite, wherein to attend a fancy dress ball, and solicited her talented husband's aid to "make up" her feet in the manner indicated. He consented, but being of a jealous disposition, and prompted to be chary of enhancing his wife's natural charms by adventitious means, he put off the foot-painting operation until the last moment.

When, however, the carriage was at the door and the water sprite's toilet completed in all respects but one, he seized brush and palette and addressed himself, in feverish haste, to his task, hurrying his wife off to the ball as soon as her nimble feet were ready, without giving her time to inspect them.

On entering the gaily lighted ballroom the lady cast a hurried glance at her husband's artistic achievements. Her horror may be imagined when she perceived that the pink silk hose in which her dainty feet were imprisoned had been admirably illuminated by his masterhand with horrible representations of chilblains, bunions, and corns only too true to nature.

That night she danced not, but sat sadly in a corner, hiding her travestied feet under her chair as best she might.

HEDGE SCHOOLS.

A singular trait in the character of the Irish peasantry of a past generation was the inclination for literary acquirements which they displayed in the face of circumstances calculated to discourage such a tendency to the utmost.

The zeal for scholastic education increased as the opportunities for its acquisition were rare, and, in spite of statutes and their penal consequences, the hedge school and the hedge schoolmaster played an important part in rural Ireland of a century ago.

The hedge school took its name from its site and mode of construction. A ditch was selected on the roadside in as dry a situation as could be found, and an excavation was scooped out as large as required, with perpendicular sides and back.

A front wall, with apertures for doors and windows, was then built of clay or green sods, and the gables were raised with similar materials to the required elevation.

A floor of clay, a roof of branches, and a thatch of reeds, with a large hole in the middle for the escape of smoke completed the building. The whole population shared in its erection, and an evening's merry-making and dance left the floor in a well-hardened condition.

A desk and chair for the master, and a row of round stones along the walls for the scholars to sit upon, was the only furniture.

Writing was taught by the assistance of copyboards—smooth bits of deal resting upon the knee of the scholars, and serving as temporary desks.

Upon establishing himself in a new neighborhood the hedge schoolmaster usually wrote out an advertisement of himself, setting forth in full detail the various subjects he proposed to teach. He allowed full scope to his imagination and vanity, and then posted his composition upon the chapel.

The Irish writer Carleton has preserved one such advertisement in his pages.

"Mr. Matthew Kavanagh, Philomath and Professor of the Learned Languages, begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Findramore and its vicinity that he Lectures on the following branches of Education in his Seminary at the above-recited place. Spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic, upon altogether new principles, hitherto undiscovered by any excepting himself. Book-keeping by single and double entry, geometry, trigonometry, stereometry, mensuration, navigation, gauging, surveying, dialling, astronomy, astrology, austerity, fluxions, geography, ancient and modern, maps, the projection of the spear, algebra, natural and moral philosophy, pneumatics, optics, dioptics, catroptics, hydraulics, aerostatics, geology, glorification, divinity, agriculture, ventilation, explosion, etc. In classics:—Grammar, Cordery, Erasmus' Colloquies, Cornelius Nepos, Phædrus, Valerius Maximus, Justin, Ovid, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, Tully's Offices, Cicery, Manouverius, Turgidus, Rogerius, Satanus, Nigrus, Quinctilian, Sophocles, Eschylus, Livy, Aristophanes, Thomas Aquinas, Cornelius Agrippa, and Cholera Morbus. Prosody, composition, both in prose-verse and oratory in English, Latin, and Greek; together with various other branches of learning, and scholastic profundity—quos enumerare longum est—together with Irish Radically, and a small taste of Hebrew upon the Masoretic text."

Apart from his professional duties, the hedge schoolmaster was an important character in an Irish village.

He was frequently the moving spirit and director of the local Ribbon or Whiteboy organization, and presided at the meetings and regulated the proceedings of these societies, and as a consequence not unfrequently suffered the last penalty at the hands of the law.

The hedge schoolmaster was a tyrant. Unmerciful floggings with ruler, birch, or the prickly branch of a furze bush, were inflicted upon the children of those parents whose poverty could not purchase immunity from punishment by frequent presents, but in the latter part of the last century, the general severity practiced in schools was of such nature that only exceptional barbarity provoked retaliation.

Under the old system in Ireland schoolmasters were at a premium, and great efforts were made to obtain the services of one of renown. Carleton has preserved an advertisement for a teacher, issued many years ago in the country of Sligo. It runs as follows:

"Notes to Schoolmasthers, and to all others whom it may consarn. Take notes. That any Schoolmaster who understands Spellin gramatically. Read and Writin in the real way, according to the Dixonary. Arithmatick—that is to say, the five common rules, namely, simple division, substraction, multiplication, and division, and addition, substraction, multiplication, and division of Dives' denominations. Also reduction, up and down, the Rule of Three direck, the Rule of Three in verse, the Double Rule of Three. Frackshins taught according to the vulgar and decimatin method. N. B.—He must be well grounded in that. Practis, Discount, and Rebation. N. B.—Must be well grounded in that also. Tare and Tret, Fellowship, Rate per Scent, Allegation, Barther, Intherest, Exchange, Prophet in Loss, the Square Root, the Kibe Root, Hippothenuse, Arithmatical and Gommotrical Purgation, Loggerheadism, Questions for Exercise and the Conendix to Algibbe. He must also know Jommethry according to Grunther's Scale, the Castigation of the Kilpatics, Surveying and the use of the Jacob staff. Above all things he must know how to tache the Service of Mass in Latin, and be able to read Doctor Gallher's Irish Sarmints, and explain Kolumkill's and Pastorini's Prophecies."

TOMBS AND TOMBSTONES.—Sarah Bernhardt's latest eccentricity is the erection of a tomb for herself—ready for use when she shall require it—in the Père Lachaise Cemetery, Paris. Almost coincidently, a well-known legal functionary had built in a country churchyard a tomb with marble figures of himself and his wife.

"There were strong men before Agamemnon," and there have been many odd freaks similar to those of the actress and the famous lawyer. Some half dozen years ago a tradesman ordered an elaborate coffin fitted with a plate glass window and fastened with paten locks, and also a tombstone with name and date of birth and a blank space for what nobody knows. Thus he had everything possibly ready for his funeral. Every day, too, he walked to the cemetery to see that his grave was right. But when he became sick unto death he actually insisted that his fine coffin should be burnt, and in the end he was buried in plain oak.

Again, a Manchester merchant visited Guernsey for his health. Thinking he should never return, he bought a plot in the cemetery of St. Peter Port, and had erected on it a granite monument bearing his name. His thoughts were, however, soon diverted to a very different channel. He fell in love, married, regained his health, and returned home. His monument, which was left behind, has not yet been needed.

But the record in the way of pre-death tombstones belongs, of course, to America. Henry Scarlett, of Upson County, Geo., several years before his death, which took place in the spring of 1888, selected a monster boulder of granite measuring 100 by 250 feet—a miniature mountain. On this he had carved the usual inscription. Underneath this tombstone, which is proudly claimed to be the "largest in the world," a roomy tomb was excavated. Scarlett himself superintended the work, and was particular in seeing that his slightest wish was fulfilled. When he died he left directions that his remains were to be placed under the rock, and this was accordingly done. Oddly enough, Scarlett was during life known far and wide as a misanthrope, and, though very wealthy, was practically a hermit.

One might be inclined to think that people erected their own tombstones because of the monstrosities chosen by relatives, and, indeed, that doubtless is so. But, on the whole, it is perhaps as well that there is no sign of a general departure from common usage.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

BY W. W. L.

Do you remember one fair day
  Within that room so bright,
You sang a tender song to me
  Of trusting love's delight?
'Twas in the roses' month of June,
Love's month that dies so soon.

Do you remember, love, do you remember,
  When softly fell the mellow light
Of silver moon upon the meadow-land,
  The song you sang that night?
'Twas in the roses' month of June,
Love's month that dies so soon.

Do you remember, love, do you remember?
  The years have been so long,
And silence laid so still between us,
  Since you sang that sweet song.
'Twas the roses' month of June,
Love's month that dies so soon.

Captain Dempster.

BY A. L. M.

THERE was no doubt about Dempster's being a rolling stone. When he came to us, it was because he had tried nearly every other profession, and either failed in his exams., or got tired of the life, after a very brief trial. He had begun to walk the hospitals, and always seemed to have rather tender regrets for those two years.

Then he had thrown up the whole thing suddenly, and gone out to Mexico, where he wasted his substance on a ranch—lost the friend who went out with him, and who died of typhoid—came back, and managed to scarpe into the army, in a back-handed way, through the militia.

A stirring life, that no one would have guessed at, who had seen him lying, in his essentially way, in one of the long chairs on the mess verandah. He had a slow, undecided, indolent manner of talking, but, when once he was started, he had plenty to say, and he was such a good fellow! I suppose, taking him all in all, he was about the most popular man in the regiment.

He was a tall, strong, well-built fellow, and he had one peculiarity—his hair was quite white, at seven-and-twenty, whilst his moustache remained black.

Why on earth he fixed his affections on little Kitty Manleverer, the Colonel's daughter, is one of those problems that will remain for ever unsolved, but there was no doubt about the fact, and I suppose the only way to account for it is that we all do what we ought not to do in India!

Of course I can't say much against Mrs. Manleverer, because it is a sort of unwritten law that one must not abuse one's Colonel's wife, but she was an awful woman, and I suppose Kitty took after her father, only what one calls weakness in a man, is only sweetness and gentleness in a girl.

She was really a very pretty child, with fair, curly hair, and the pretty pink complexion that never survives an Indian summer, and, from the very first, she took to Dempster.

But when you talk of a girl like Kitty being in love, it is no more to be compared with the love of a man like Dempster, than water can be compared to wine.

She used to fix her eyes upon the door at a ball, with an unmistakable look of anxiety in them, until Dempster appeared when her eager, innocent smile would meet his across the intervening space. After a time she never spoke to any other men at the sports or gymkhanas, and I must say she grew sweetly pretty under the influence of his first love.

But the dragon looked at the matter from an entirely different point of view. To do her justice, I think she was really fond of Kitty, and proud of her pretty complexion and bright eyes, but she had other views for her daughter than marriage with a penniless captain in an infantry regiment.

She knew too much of the drudgery of such a life herself, for the Manleverers were poor and proud, and all that could be saved out of housekeeping went to the schooling of the boys at "home."

She really was very judicious; she did not raise a spirit of opposition in Kitty by dropping Dempster in too violent a hurry, but she left off inviting him alone. There was no more sitting out in the moonlight with Miss Kitty on the Colonel's verandah, no more literary talks in the Club on the long spring evenings, no more walks home after tennis, and, as fortune, more or less, favors the brave, there appeared at this particular juncture, a most desirable winter visitor on the scenes.

At first I don't believe that Mrs. Manleverer ever looked on him in any other light than as a buffer between Dempster and Kitty, but he so soon showed symptoms of the same disease as Dempster's, that she might be forgiven if she fairly glowed with pride and satisfaction. For Unwin was in a very different category from any of us poor devils. He was a country gentleman, with a large estate and a good rent roll, and he had come out to gather facts about India, before contesting a seat at the next general election. He was a good fellow, too, and a gentleman. I am determined not to let my feeling for Dempster make me unjust to his rival, but I must say I felt the whole thing very keenly at the time.

Little by little, in a clever and skilful manner, Dempster was pushed into the background, and Unwin was the central point of all the Colonel's parties. Instead of Dempster's taking Kitty into supper, he found he had the honor of escorting Mrs. Manleverer—he was an "old friend," and it was Kitty's duty to be civil to the new-comers. "You understand," she said artfully, "and you don't mind, do you?"

"Yes, I do mind," I heard Dempster say once, "but I give up."

Mrs. Manleverer laughed, as if it was a joke.

So the game went on, and was cleverly played on one side, at least; but there was a great change in Dempster. I saw a good deal of him at that time, and, though he never said a word, I am sure he knew that I understood. He used to come in from parade, and, as long as he was in public, he was as jolly and cheery as possible, but directly he was in his own room, the mask seemed to fall away, and he made no pretence of cheerfulness before me.

There were little remembrances of Kitty about the room—not collected in one place, but littered about amongst his pipes and rackets. A bow from her shoe—a faded bunch of flowers—a little pencil case she gave him at Christmas. And yet we never mentioned her name, even in our most confidential moments, and it was only by a sort of intuition that I knew when the rival was dining at the Manleverer's, and Dempster was not.

We gave a dance in February, to which Miss Kitty came, of course, looking her very best and most brilliant self. Dempster was leaning against the door as she came in, and I thought he meant to let her pass, with the mere smile and bow he gave to others, but seemed to touch him in the quick wistful look of her gentle eyes, for, without a word, he took her hand and laid it on his arm. "This waltz is mine," he said confidently, and he waltzed her away before the astonished eyes of her mother and Unwin. I saw them whirling round for a few minutes, and then I lost sight of them, and the evening was nearly over before I came across Miss Kitty again. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes very bright. She looked radiantly happy.

I asked her if she had enjoyed herself. "Enjoyed! It has been perfect—perfect," she said.

Dempster was quite excited too, when the whole thing was over. He was not the least inclined to go to bed, and to sleep like a reasonable creature, and he persuaded me to sit up with him and smoke a pipe.

As we smoked, he sobered down, and talked about many times and places—of starlight nights in Mexico, when he sat alone and watched the cattle on hills—of old "shoots" in the Central Provinces, when he had brought down his first tiger, whose skin was the precious property of his old mother at home—of interesting cases in the hospital that he had been unable to leave, and also, very often, unable to save.

"That was the most interesting bit of my life," he said, as he rose and yawned, "that delicious feeling of doing good to somebody. Nothing of that kind here, old fellow. Waste—waste—waste."

"What would Miss Kitty say to that," I said.

He stared at me for a moment in silence.

"Poor little soul," he said gently at last, "what a queer world it is. Well, good-night to you, and good-bye to it all."

"Why good-bye?" I asked.

"Because one has to bow to fate," he said, looking back, with a queer, sad sort of smile, as he walked away.

* * * * * *

It was the very next evening that one of our fellows came into the ante-room about seven o'clock, and said that the Colonel's daughter was ill. He did not know what was the matter—they seemed to think she got cold at the dance, and had over-tired herself; but De Winton, who told us, was quite certain the doctor had been there twice. Dempster was sitting in a big arm-chair by the table, with a Pioneer in front of his face; and he did not move at first, but presently he put down the paper quietly on the table in front of him, and then turned sharply to De Winton.

"Did you see the Colonel?" he said, "did you see Forsythe?"

"I saw Forsythe, not the Colonel. He is awfully cut up. They say it's diphtheria."

"There's a good deal about," said some one; "a bad sort too."

"It's a beastly illness."

"One suffers so."

All the talk went on carelessly round Dempster, but he remained immovable, with a curious, far-away look upon his face. Presently he got up quietly and walked away. De Winton stood silently looking after him.

"I didn't think of Dempster," he muttered to me. "Poor chap, he's hard hit."

He was hard hit. He was standing, bare-headed, on the verandah, when I went in to dress for dinner, and as I passed I meant to speak, but he looked so strange, that I only put out my hand and grasped his, and when I came out again, he was there in his mess dress, waiting for me, and we walked over to mess together.

The band was playing, for it was guest night, but the Colonel was not there.

When dinner was over, I saw Dempster slip away, unnoticed, as he thought, but I was waiting for him on the verandah as he came back.

There was some one else on the verandah too, leaning against a pillar. I did not notice who it was, until I saw Dempster's figure shadowed blackly in the moonlight, coming across the mess compound; and the same one moved quickly in front of me, and went down to meet him. Then I saw that it was Unwin. He was one of the guests.

"How is she?" he said, without any pretence of surprise, or any apology for intrusion.

"Very bad, I think," said Dempster quietly. "The doctor will be there all night."

"Do you think I could be of any use?"

There was a pause.

"No, I think not," I offered. Unless, of course," with another slight pause, "you are more fortunate than I."

They turned and came in together. The band was still playing, and there was a good deal of talk going on. I fancy no one noticed them, but, as they passed me, I heard Unwin say abruptly, "Thanks, then I will take my chance; will you excuse my leaving?"

Dempster bowed in silence and went in, and the other man turned on his heels, and went out into the moonlight.

* * * * * *

No one who has not experienced it, can understand the sudden gloom that the shadow of death throws over an Indian station. As exiles, we depend so much on each other, and feel such an un-English interest in each other's affair, that the sorrow of one is almost the sorrow of all, and Miss Kitty's illness was a personal grief to every one.

Tennis engagements were thrown up, dinners were postponed, and a perfect stream of carriages rolled in and out of the Colonel's compound, from about four to six every evening. The accounts got worse and worse, till we were all in a state of extreme tension; and, instead of going for his usual walk, Dempster used to potter about our compound, which was next door to the Colonel's, for hours at a time, hoping for the chance of being able to do anything for Kitty. It was the third day, and about five in the evening. The sun had got very low, and we knew that in about half-an-hour the brief twilight would be over, and the night would have fallen. I went up and joined him silently; I could not bear to sit on the verandah, and watch him walking up and down, in that restless way. A minute afterwards Forsythe dashed out of the bungalow and hurried away. Dempster went after him, and caught him at the gate.

"What is it?" he said. What's going on?"

Forsythe tried to push past, but Dempster's strong arm prevented him.

"Tell me," he said imperiously.

"It's as bad as it can be, old chap," said Forsythe huskily. "I've done my best—God knows I've done my best."

"All you could?"

"Yes. I've just operated."

"Ah, and there was no relief?"

"None; it was beyond it."

Dempster drew Forsythe on one side, so that I should not hear, and began an eager questioning. Forsythe's words, when I next caught them, startled me. "No, you don't—not if I can help it. Don't be a fool, Dempster."

"I shall if I like," said Dempster coolly. "Here," to me, "hold this lunatic; I'm going over to the Colonel's bungalow."

Forsythe stood leaning against the gate, and did not attempt to follow him. As he reached the verandah, Dempster turned back and nodded, just as he had done that night after the ball.

I know nothing about medicine, and I hate the whole business. I don't want to know how I am made, nor how the machinery works. I had not the faintest idea of Dempster's fatal purpose; but Forsythe was positively raving.

"It's not a bit of good," he said to me angrily. "It never succeeds, not in nine cases out of ten. Dempster is an unmitigated ass, and I am a fool. Why didn't I stop him?"

I tried to point out, as well as the angry torrents of his words would allow me, that not even a lion in the way would have turned Dempster from his purpose, whatever it might be; but Forsythe only launched his anger and contempt at me, and went away at last, kicking up the tufts of grass with the toe of his boot, as if he had hoofs.

It was about half an hour afterwards that Dempster came back from the Colonel's bungalow. The sun had gone down, and everything was very gray. He walked slowly, with his head bent, and he started when I faced him in the narrow path.

"Well?" I said impatiently.

"Well?" he echoed; "she has fallen asleep."

"Why is Forsythe raging like a lunatic?" I said.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dempster.

He was very white, and his voice was tired, as though he had gone through some great physical exertion or mental struggle. He put his hand on my shoulder, and we walked on together.

"I don't know what you have been doing," I said, "and I don't want to know. I hate diseases, but I will have you tell me if you have been running any risk."

"Any risk—of what?"

"Illness or death."

"I don't know—what does it matter? I never thought about it. I believe she will be safe now."

"That is worth it all, I suppose?" I said bitterly.

"Quite," he answered.

"And then, I suppose, you will marry her, and live happily ever afterwards?"

"Oh, no," he said. "Oh, no, certainly not. I have been shown my place too plainly."

"It will be different now."

"I could not take advantage of a generous impulse—even if it were," he said.

* * * * * *

The bulletin next morning was much more favorable. Poor little Kitty had passed a quiet night, and had taken a turn for the better. The operation had been successful. The next day she was a little stronger, and had taken nourishment.

On the third, all immediate fear was over, and her young vitality had triumphed. I shall never forget the poor old Colonel's face, as he stood in the ante-room, and spoke to Dempster. His hands trembled, and his mouth quivered under his thick moustache.

Dempster was very quiet, and very white, as he had been since that other evening. He did not come home at all that night, although I was worried about him, and sat up late; but, at about six in the morning, I heard Forsythe on his pony in the verandah, battering at my door.

"Come, get up," he said. "I want you. The 'Missee Baba' is as fit as a fiddle this morning, but that ass Dempster is in hospital with diphtheria."

* * * * * *

Of course by all the laws of fiction, and particularly by those that govern a short story, Dempster ought to have died, but he did not. He came about as near to the great unknown as it is possible to do, but he fought for his life, or, perhaps it would be more truthful to say, Forsythe fought for him, and he battled through.

He was never unconscious from first to last, and his sufferings were very great, but he was a model patient,-and I don't think that, for a long time, he cared the least bit in the world whether he lived or died.

When I went to him every evening his eyes questioned me, before he was able to speak, and when I said "Going on all right," or "Out to-day driving," and so

last "Quite well," it seemed as if he had got all he wanted out of the day.

For three long weeks he lay in that bare, cold room, between life and death—unable to move or speak, or to raise himself in bed, and for nights and nights Forsythe knelt beside him, holding his head, or with his fingers on his pulse, signing to me when to give him the stimulants or the nourishment he needed.

The disease was not as virulent as in Miss Kitty's case, but his weakness was infinitely greater, and Forsythe thought it right to telegraph to his friends at home, and an answering telegram told us that his brother had started out to see him.

The Colonel came and sat beside him every day, quite bowed down with anxiety and worry, and after Miss Kitty's convalescence, I often saw the landau stopping at the hospital gates, and Mrs. Mauleverer sailing up the path, with a khitmutghar behind her, bearing jellies and creams—but Miss Kitty, who would have done the invalid more good than all the jellies and creams in creation, was always left in the landau!

Some one else was always in the landau too, with honest, eager eyes fastened on Kitty's face, listening for every gentle word that fell from her lips.

For Unwin was having his innings now, and I could not help noticing the pretty, coy turn of the girl's head as he leant over her carriage door at the races, or stood sentinel over her at the gymkhanas. It seemed to me as if it was a case, at last, of "chateau qui parle" and "femme qui ecoute."

I did not say anything to Dempster, of course, until one day he asked me straight out, and I had not time to invent a lie. I did think that the old woman had brought diplomatic pressure to bear, and I was quite certain that Kitty was a gentle, pliant little sapling in her hands, but when I saw Dempster's face, I hated her.

He lay silent for some minutes, and then he turned and looked me full in the face.

"It is quite right—from her point of view," he said huskily.

"I hate the whole lot," I said savagely.

"Don't," he said, as if my vehemence worried him; "the hated rival is a good fellow after all."

Next evening when I went to the hospital, I passed the Mauleverer's carriage going at a foot's pace up the mall, with Unwin and Kitty alone inside.

At the door of Dempster's room I was stopped by the orderly, who told me that the Colonel's wife was inside, so I stood kicking my heels in the general ward, until I heard her sailing down the corridor, and out at the door.

Then I went in to Dempster.

He was wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and was lying in a long chair by the verandah door. The lamp had not been lit, and all the dim, dying sunlight was concentrated on his face.

His hair had been cut very short, and he had been freshly shaved. He was always a smart looking fellow, but as I saw him then, I could not help feeling, with a thrill, how a woman might have loved him. He turned his haggard eyes on me, and smiled.

"The game's up," he said; "she had accepted him."

Oh, faithless Kitty! I ground out something between my teeth that I hardly wished Dempster to hear.

"It's all right," he said after a difficult pause; "one can't live on nothing a year. She is to come and see me to-morrow, and the old woman warned me first."

"Do you think she is happy?"

"I don't know. I hope so—at least I think I hope so. In another life, in happier circumstances, I think, perhaps. . . ."

His eyes wandered off to the horizon, and his words drifted away, but I finished the unfinished sentence for him. In another life, in happier circumstances, he knew that Kitty would have loved him!

Nothing would have induced me to be present at the next day's interview, except that Dempster himself asked me. Whether he was afraid for Kitty or himself I did not know, but it was very unpleasant for me.

He got up an hour earlier than usual, and discarded the dressing-gown, looking more thin and haggard than ever in his every day clothes. He had to give in to the long chair and the cushions because he was quite unfit to sit up, and the arm-chair for Kitty was dragged up close beside him, with the tea-cups on a table between them. I went in and out on to the verandah, and got the tea, and treated them to as little of my company as possible.

Kitty, with her hair curling more than ever, in her sealskin jacket, and velvet hat, looked, I must say, sweetly pretty, and enough to disturb the peace of any anchorite; but this poor St. Anthony was apparently quite unmoved.

He did not hold her hand even as long as I should have done, and he laughed when the tears came into her eyes, and her poor little lips quivered at the sight of him.

"Oh!" said Kitty with a gasp, "how ill you look. You have been far, far worse than I was. I don't know how to tell you. I know all about it."

Dempster frowned. "They had no business to tell you. It was nothing. Many doctors do it, so as not to spoil a neat operation, and I am half a doctor, you know."

"Would you have done it to—any one?" said Kitty, with the tears rolling down her soft cheeks.

"I daresay. I never saw a case before when it was needed."

"Are you getting well now?" she said, leaning forward.

With a great effort he raised himself a little, and took her bare hand that was lying on her knee. I went out of the room, because I wanted to see if the kettle really boiled, and I did not trust the khit.

When I came back, they were both leaning back in their respective chairs, Kitty was talking eagerly.

"Mother told you? Yes, it is true. I don't want to be married, but I suppose one has to be some day."

"Yes," said Dempster steadily. "Unwin is a good fellow. I think you will be happy."

"I don't want to be happy," said Kitty with a sob; "at least I don't want to be married. Tell me, tell me, please, if I ought to."

Dempster put up his hand, to shade his eyes, and there was silence in the room for a minute. His old Waterbury on the table ticked like a human heart.

"Yes, I think you ought to," he said at last.

Poor St. Anthony!

"You do?" said Kitty, with a soft breath.

"Yes—dear."

"If," said Kitty, rising, and standing in the dusk, and speaking with a quiver of intense excitement in her soft little voice, "if there had been—any one else—who wanted me—that I might have loved, perhaps——"

There was another silence.

"Yes," said Dempster in a quiet voice; "if there had been any one else—who wanted you, whom you might have loved better, it would have been different."

Kitty sat down again, with her soft pink hands laid upon her knee. They were trembling.

Dempster gave a sigh that was like a groan.

"Here, bring the lamp, Fusoldeen," he said to the khit "and the kettle."

"You are tired?" said Kitty.

"Yes—very tired," he answered.

* * * * * *

Dempster's brother came out as soon as winds and waves could bring him, and took him home on a year's sick leave.

He did not stay for Kitty's wedding, and I do not think he even met her for some years afterwards. She is a pretty, fair, happy little matron now, with an adoring husband, and some pretty, fair, happy babies of her own.

Dempster is with us still, but he is always a rolling stone—an unsettled sort of fellow, with a great many aims in life, and no especial hobby. But all I can say is that, although we don't deal in moss in this heaven forsaken country, he has gathered many other things about him, that seem to me to be of infinitely more importance.

THE STORY OF PENNY POSTAGE.

Born in 1795, Rowland Hill, of England, was considerably past middle life before he entertained any idea of practicing his reforming hand on the postoffice, and had passed a busy existence chiefly as a schoolmaster, in which capacity he had indulged in many schemes, scholastic and otherwise, with more or less success.

Once arrested by the subject which has since made his life famous, Rowland Hill went to work in a very systematic manner. Firstly, he read very carefully all the reports relative to the postoffice; then he placed himself in communication with Mr. Wallace and the Postmaster-general, both of whom readily supplied him with all necessary information. In this manner he made himself acquainted with his subject, with the result that, in 1837, he published his famous pamphlet on Postoffice Reform: its Importance and Practicability.

We have to remember that at this time the postage charges were enormously high, that they depended not upon weight alone, but also upon the number of enclosures, and that they varied according to distance.

Thus, for example, a letter under one ounce in weight and with one enclosure (that is, sheet or scrap of paper) posted in London for delivery within the metropolitan area, or even, we believe, fifteen miles out, cost 2d.; if for delivery thirty miles out, 3d.; eighty miles out, 4d.; and so on.

Again, as showing how the charges according to enclosure operated, a letter with a single enclosure from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d.; if double, 2s. 3d.; and if treble, 3s. 4½d.

Moreover, the charges were not consistently made, for whereas an Edinburgh letter (posted in London) was charged 1s. 1½d., a letter for Louth, which cost the postoffice fifty times as much as the former letter, was only charged 10d.

The public, however, found means of their own of remedying the evil, which, if not wholly legitimate, were under the circumstances to be regarded with some degree of leniency. Letter smuggling was a not unnatural result of the high and disproportionate charges referred to, and was almost openly adopted to an extent that is hardly credible.

Thus, many Manchester merchants—Mr. Cobden amongst the number—stated before the Postoffice Inquiry Committee appointed in 1838, their belief that four-fifths of the letters written in that town did not pass through the postoffice.

A carrier in Scotland confessed to having carried sixty letters daily for a number of years, and knew of others who carried five hundred daily.

A Glasgow publisher and bookseller said he sent and received fifty letters or circulars daily, and added that he was not caught until he had sent twenty thousand letters otherwise than through the post!

There were also other methods of evading the postage rates at work. Letters were smuggled in newspapers, which in those days passed free within a stated period through the post, the postage being covered by the stamp duty impressed on the papers.

Invisible ink, too, was used for inditing message on the newspapers themselves; while the use of certain pre-arranged codes on the covers of letters was likewise systematically adopted, the addresses, after turning the letters over and learning from the covers all they desired to know, declining to take in the letters on the ground that they could not afford to pay the postage.

The system of 'franking' letters in the high postage days led to an appalling abuse of that privilege, which belonged to peers and members of the House of Commons.

It was no doubt originally allowed to enable members to correspond with their constituents; but under the circumstances it is perhaps not surprising that the plan soon became abused, and was ultimately used to cover all kinds of correspondence, not only members' but other people's as well.

At one time, indeed, all sorts of curious packages passed free under the franking privilege, such as dogs, a cow, parcels of lace, bales of stockings, boxes of medicine, flitches of bacon, &c.

Sometimes, indeed, franked covers were actually sold; and they have even been known to be given in lieu of wages to servants, who speedily converted them into ready money.

It is not necessary to enter at any length into all the arguments that weighed with Rowland Hill in propounding his great scheme. It need only be very briefly stated that the great point to which he applied himself was the cost to the postoffice of receiving, transmitting, and delivering a letter.

Having roughly and, as subsequently proved, not inaccurately calculated the average postage at sixpence farthing per letter, he then went to work to ascertain the expenses of management; and the result of his investigations showed that, no matter what distance had to be traversed, the average cost of each letter to the government was less than one-tenth of a penny!

The proposed arrangement met with approval from the commissioners, and also from the Committee on Postage in 1837 and 1838; and, in consequence, the Penny Postage Act of 1840 contained a clause providing for the use of such stamps and stamped covers.

Scientific and Useful.

ALUMINIUM.—In Germany aluminium cravats are now on sale. They are advertised as feather-light, silverwhite wash goods that will wear forever.

DOGSKIN.—Those who are enthusiastic about their canine favorites may not be pleased to hear that dogskin boots and shoes are becoming quite the fashion, and that many of these skins come from the lost dogs that are killed when not claimed by their owners.

LIGHT SOCKETS.—A new socket for incandescent lamps has been brought out, which is flexible and will admit of the lamp globe being turned in one direction or another. A spring coil forms one of the connections to the lamp base, and takes the place of the thread on the regular socket. Another novelty about the spring is a sharp point on the end which prevents unauthorized persons from removing the lamp by pressing upon the spring, and allows only a person carrying a cover for this point to tamper with the socket.

STAIR-CLIMBERS.—Among the novelties shown at the late Paris Exhibition was a stair-climber, an apparatus which is very likely to come into use in houses where there is no provision for a lift of the ordinary kind. It consists of a small platform, upon which one person can stand at a time, and which runs up the stairs, be they curved or straight. The motion is brought about by electricity, water-power, air-pressure, or steam, according to convenience. A couple of steel bands or rails are attached to the balusters, and follow their contour, and upon them runs the carriage to which the platform already referred to is fastened. The little platform will rise, descend, or stop at the will of the passenger who occupies it. This apparatus will be much appreciated by aged persons who are occupiers of old houses, to whom the work of walking up-stairs is a great strain on the strength; but younger persons will be inclined to look upon the machine rather as an obstacle to progress than a convenience.

Farm and Garden.

MOUSE-TRAP.—The sticky fly-paper which is commonly sold during the summer season is said to make an excellent mouse-trap. A sheet of it laid in front of any hole from which the mice emerge is sufficient to hold them fast until they are captured and destroyed. The same paper may be used over and over again.

PUMPKINS.—Pumpkins are easily dried, and those who like can have them all the year by taking a little trouble. Take off the skin of the pumpkin, cut it in thin strips and dry quickly over a hot stove. The pieces are as hard as chips, but a little stewing will make them good as when fresh from the field. They will keep until pumpkins are grown again.

CHAFF.—The chaff of grain is nature's way of protecting seed between the time it falls to the ground and that for it to grow again. Now that grain is stored in barns or stacks the chaff is scarcely less necessary. It is often noted in threshing damp grain that the straw may be almost rotted where the band went around the bundle yet the grain will shell out with little apparent injury.

THE STORAGE OF APPLES.—A room with a good draught of air through it, and with shelves all round the walls, made of laths of wood two or three inches apart, or perforated zinc nailed on a framework of wood, is best for the storage of apples. Do not let them touch each other; and if they have air all round them, they will be in good condition when other fruit is rotten. Of course they must have been carefully picked by hand from the tree, the bruised ones being used first. Some varieties will keep three or four months longer than others, and these should be carefully looked after. By looking over the apples once a week, and taking away any that show symptoms of decay, the winter stock of fruit will amply repay care and attention.

GRUFF CUSTOMER (slouching into barber shop)—"Who's ahead of me, old Lathers?" Barber—"Two gentlemen!"

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of any one suffering from Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, or any Pulmonary Affection, we would refer them to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will, in all cases, afford speedy relief and in most, effect a speedy cure.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

About Pride.

There are qualities as far as the poles asunder which go under the common name of pride. Some of the most lovable traits of character are associated with it, some too of the most pathetic, and likewise some of the most hateful.

No wonder we get confused in our use of the term, and now loathe the thing as the ugliest of respectable vices, and then run for its aid and hail it as a saviour of weak human nature.

We want some clue that will divide a laudable from an obnoxious pride; and is it not found in the difference between the attitude of men and women, who, glancing from themselves to others, from their own position of wealth, or birth, or virtue, or intellect, in a spirit of haughtiness and high-mindedness, down upon the lowliness, or poverty, or incapacity, or want of accomplishments of others, from their own fulness to other men's barrenness, exclaim, "I am better than thou!" and the attitude of the self-respecting man, who, without looking from himself to other men in self-congratulatory satisfaction, but rather turning his gaze only upon himself, says, "I will hold fast my righteousness and will not let it go"?

False pride is an eager, straining, vulgar competitor; but true pride is an expression of self-contained dignity.

It all depends on what we are proud of—whether we look askance at our fellow-men and are filled with a desire to outstrip them, or whether, without reference to others, we are concerned to maintain an ideal of character below which it is a humiliation to fall.

What an ugly crop of ill-feelings, resentments, and cynicism springs up in the wake of most practitioners in the art of pride! It is only natures broad-based on common sense and endowed with the power of feeling in an impersonal way the humor and pity, the tragic paltriness of life, who can see people pass filled with this regnant dominant consciousness of their own supreme importance and immeasurable superiority, and who smile at it and sigh that there should be so sad a phase of the human show.

Pride of this haughty character throws off showers of missiles wherever it goes, and not many of us are proof against being hurt. And yet there are thousands who admire and envy those who find their pleasure and distinction in haughtiness. It must be so, or there would not be such a troop of imitators in a small way.

The humbler pride which finds expression in suburban show, in keeping up appearances, in gentility, is a pale copy of the ostentation and high-mindedness which hurts when it descends on us from social heights.

"Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?" asks Shakespeare. It does; and it creeps upon us as imperceptibly. Let no one think he has escaped because he does not plume himself upon his wealth or birth, or raise rebellion in the hearts of onlookers by high looks and chiselled insolence.

But, though pride takes so many repulsive forms, it has virtues that more than counterbalance its unloveliness. To say that a man has lost his sense of pride is the same as saying that he drifts a hopeless wreck. Why should he care if there is nothing in which he can glory? The first step towards the reformation of human waifs, old or young, is to make them "fancy themselves," to lead them to take pleasure in the thought that in some point or other they are worthy of admiration.

The preaching of the sinfulness, degradation, and emptiness of merit of the whole human race—true as it may be when the soiled soul is compared with the Divine purity—has driven millions into the recklessness of despair. What is the good? they have asked. To be trusted to have a sense of responsibility, to conceive an ideal which it is a pain to mar, is the greatest moral stay that a man can have.

The difference between a worthy and an unworthy pride may be put in this way—the one is a defence, an attempt to preserve individual dignity and rights from the rude encroachment; the other is a weapon of offence, a means of claiming pre-eminence over other men. The claim too is generally made by those who could best afford not to be proud. The man who is clever, rich, influential, cannot gain much by pride, but he may lose a good deal and discount all his advantage.

With the poorer man, pride is sometimes necessary as an assertion of equality with the best. So many are poor and humble that to be poor and not humble needs something in the way of demonstration. We can readily forgive those who are somewhat too stiff-backed in their demeanor because, while not wanting to seem better than other men, they refuse to acknowledge that others have a natural lordship over them.

The man who quietly preserves his integrity and independence unaggressively but unflinchingly always comes out best in the end, and gains the respect which the cringing time-server and the human hedgehog alike miss.

The great weakness of pride in poverty is that it is often too sensitive; it is on the outlook for the least occasion of offence; its milk of human kindness is always on the point of curdling if any other pride than its own comes near. Cynicism is usually a distillation from over-sensitive pride.

Between pride at the two ends of the scale—that of the full fat man whom the world has apparently loaded with all its treasures and who spreads them ostentatiously out before our eyes, and the lean man who must painfully extort from the world all he gets—there is ceaseless war, bitterness of heart answering high looks; but the test of balanced character is found in a superiority to either of these feelings; for no one has reached a point of view that gives satisfaction and rest who cannot look not with indifference, but with kindly human sympathy alike upon the haughty beauty and the pompous grandee, or upon the struggling poor man fortifying his manhood behind a rampart of pride, and see underneath the "actions that a man may play" the common humanity woven out of the same spiritual stuff, and, seeing this, force back the impulse to chide.

TRUE hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself.

JUST as the hoards of the miser are of far less value than the money that is freely circulated and widely employed, so the time that is hoarded up and exclusively devoted to a single object is less productive than that which is intelligently and generously apportioned out to meet the varied needs of human welfare.

SOME people say that we should always look on the bright side of things. If that means that we are to look only on the bright side, we question its wisdom. Better look on both sides, rejoice in all the brightness we can see, and then go to work and brighten up the dark side all we can.

NEVER be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is a mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

THAT integrity that lives only in opinion would starve without it; and that theatrical kind of virtue which requires publicity for its stage and an applauding world for an audience could not be depended on in the secrecy of solitude or the retirement of a desert.

THAT truth which might make our life deeper, purer, and better is the truth which is valuable, which should be sought with diligence, and carries with it the sanction of responsibility.

POETRY, the mirror of the world, cannot deal with its attractions only, but must present some of its repulsions also, and avail herself of the powerful assistance of its contrasts.

THE philosopher is the lover of wisdom and truth; to be a sage is to avoid the senseless and the depraved. The philosopher, therefore, should live only among philosophers.

WHEN you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it,—this is knowledge.

IT does not depend on us to avoid poverty, but it does depend on us to make that poverty respectable.

LET your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L. G.—The goldfish kept in globes subsist upon the animalcules with which the water abounds. They are invisible to the human eye.

E. B. B.—The skin is sometimes called the "third lung," as its office is to throw off impure and effete matter from the body through its pores by perspiration.

GRACE.—"Aei" on your locket means "for ever." Probably the giver means the duration of the love that prompted the gift.—Yes; jet, and bead and metal trimming is very much worn.

G. S.—The gas used in balloons is usually hydrogen, which is about fourteen times lighter than air, or common coal gas, such as is burned for lights, which is two or three times lighter than air.

E. R.—The only known reason for Friday becoming a day of evil omen is the fact that our Saviour's crucifixion took place on that day. In ancient times the Romans dedicated Friday to Venus, the goddess of love; while the Scandinavians consecrated it to Friga, the goddess of maternity.

ANXIOUS.—The theory of double entry bookkeeping is so simple that you can easily learn it from any of the excellent hand-books on the subject. The practise is very different; this can only be learned by assisting a bookkeeper, closely observing his methods, and, when required, doing the work yourself. However, the study of the text-books is not to be despised. Although by itself it can never make you a good bookkeeper, it can help you materially.

WILFUL.—In the first place, a girl should not engage in a flirtation with any one least of all a man to whom she has not been introduced. In the next place, she would be very foolish to permit any one whose acquaintance she made in that way to call upon her. The chances are that such a man would turn out to be very silly, and would cause only a little annoyance; but there is a possibility of his being very bad. Many a girl has had bitter reason to repent for life of an intimacy begun by a street flirtation.

E. E. W.—A broker must obey the directions of the principal. If he should sell without notice, and the market price should rise, he is liable to the principal for all the profits he might have made for holding the stock. 2. Where stocks are sold "on a margin," as where the principal furnishes ten per cent. of the amount, and the broker the balance, and the market price falls, the broker must give notice to the principal before he can sell to protect his advances. If the principal does not furnish more "margin," the broker may then sell with impunity.

LILY.—To prevent scarlet flannel from fading when washed, take this precaution: Mix half a cupful of flour with a quart of cold water, let it boil for ten or fifteen minutes, then mix with the warm suds in which the article is to be washed; squeeze and rinse up and down repeatedly instead of rubbing on a rubbing-board. If very much soiled, wash in two or three waters, always taking care to have them of the same temperature if possible, and just cool enough to put your hands in comfortably. Make the suds before putting the garment in, and avoid if you can rubbing on it.

R. D. S.—The gauchos (pronounced gow-chos) are horsemen of the plains in the Argentine and other South American republics. They are generally tall and graceful. Their hair is black, and frequently worn long, and they have full beards and mustaches. The women are usually very handsome. The dress of the men consists of a loose flowing shirt tastefully embroidered, and wide trousers. That of the women is composed of a low-cut tightly-fitting bodice and short skirt, with a shawl to cover the head and shoulders. When on horseback they often wear European dresses. The gauchos are very fine horsemen. Their occupations are breaking in wild horses, watching wild herds, and marking and slaughtering the animals. As guides, they are invaluable. In some of the South American struggles the gauchos have not been inactive, but on the contrary have achieved honors in their respective republics. The gauchos dwellings are rude huts, with walls of alternate layers of willow and mud, the roofs being thatched.

C. L. C.—The proper form of introduction is to present the gentleman to the lady, the younger to the older, the inferior to the superior. The exact words to be used in such cases is immaterial, so that the proper order is preserved; but whatever the form, it is of the utmost importance that each name should be spoken distinctly. If several persons are to be presented to one individual, first mention the name of the latter, and then call the others in succession, bowing slightly as each name is pronounced. In introducing members of your own family, be careful not only to specify the degree of relationship, but to give the name also. Be sure to give a person his appropriate title, if possessed of such. Friends meeting at public places are not obliged to introduce each other to the strangers who may chance to be with them; even if the introduction does take place, the acquaintance need not be kept up unless desired. Two persons who have been properly introduced, have in future certain claims upon one another's acquaintance, which should be recognized, unless there are sufficient reasons for overlooking them. Even in that case good breeding dictates a formal bow of recognition upon meeting, which of itself encourages no familiarity.

WOMANHOOD.

BY CECIL LORRAINE.

Standing alone on the banks of the river,
Where, as the poet says, childhood's days flee,
Dreamily gazing far into the future,
Lazily musing on things that shall be!

Slender and tall in your womanhood's beauty,
Fair as a flower, and pure as a dove,
Wistfully gazing away in the distance,
Looking and longing for something to love!

Oh! may the sunbeams for ever rest with you,
Linger around you as brightly as now,
Chasing all sorrow away from your bosom,
Keeping the storm-clouds afar from your brow.

Standing alone on the banks of the river,
Watching your childhood's days go with the stream,
May all the years of your womanhood's glory,
Pass just as brightly as that vanish'd dream!

Buy My Kingcups.

BY T. C. A.

I HAD never wanted to go to this ball, such functions not being in my line; but Jack Gardiner insisted, and I gave in. He was anxious that I should see the pictures at Broadwater Lodge, and he thought that I might never have another opportunity; but they were the outcome of that first visit.

Gardiner was one of my oldest friends. We were chums both at school and college, but after our parting one summer morning at Oxford Station we never met again for ten years, during which time many things had happened to us both. I had become a fairly successful member of the bar, and Jack a rising diplomatist.

Throughout those years I had seen nothing of him, and heard from him but rarely, but when we met again on the shady side of Pall Mall in the spring of 18- we took up the thread of our friendship just where we had dropped it a decade earlier, Gardiner belonging to the superior class with whom we have no need to reinforce ourselves nor send tokens of remembrance. He was the prince of good fellows.

It was through Jack that I first made acquaintance with the smart world, hitherto an unknown land. His aunt, the Duchess of Doncaster, was particularly civil to me, and Jack used to declare that she thought I should do for Lady Joan, her youngest daughter, who was short, and shy, and plain.

Lady Cyrilla, the beauty, had been intended from infancy for her cousin, but Gardiner's rigid determination not to marry was proof against all "Cyrila's" blandishments.

The Duke used often to tell me that it was a great pity Jack did not settle; he was so clever—and then a diplomatist ought to marry. Moreover, Jack was getting on. If by the time a man reached the age of forty his home was not tenanted by children it was apt to become the abode of cranes—or vices.

I denied the probability of either in my friend's case, and added that I thought a man was free to please himself in such matters: a statement that his Grace flatly contradicted.

Some men might be free to please themselves—poor men, and men in insignificant positions—but Sir John Gardiner was not free. He owed a duty to Society, and Society would expect to be paid.

I thought that Society would probably not get what she expected, but I did not say so.

As a rule when a man tells me that he means never to marry I don't believe him, for I have listened to so many similar declarations from friends whose weddings I have (alas!) been compelled to attend. But somehow or other I did believe Gardiner. His manner carried conviction.

The first time he ever announced his celibate intentions I was sitting with him in his rooms in Albemarle Street, a day or two after our meeting in Pall Mall, when my attention was called to a clever picture by Van Beers that hung over his mantelpiece, "A Yacht at Anchor."

"That is good," I said.

He nodded acquiescence, "The Gentille!—Yes! that is the way to pronounce it—Gentille, not 'Gentillo.' She belongs to Prothero, and named after an old gipsy whom he and I once interviewed at the Devil's Dyke. The woman predicted his coming wealth, which was most unexpected, and when he did inherit old Chandler's fortune, out of gratitude to the sorceress he called his yacht after her."

"And what did Mrs. Gentille predict for you?" I asked.

"What I knew before; that I should live and die a bachelor. . . . . Try one of those cigars; they are rather better than the darker ones."

I saw he meant to drop Gentille and the yacht, so to change the subject I asked the name of the lady whose portrait stood amongst many others on an opposite table dedicated to photographs. She was so plain that to account for her presence there I decided that she must be a relative.

"Miss Godine. She is now dead—poor girl! I met her a few years ago in Paris, studying. Had she lived she would have made a big name."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Painting. She was very clever."

A minute later I noticed the initials "E. G." affixed to a bunch of spring flowers—Lent lilies, kingcups and anemones—that hung immediately under the Gentille. "Was that her work?"

"Yes," he answered, and then again he promptly turned the conversation; and from that moment I began vaguely to connect Jack's determination not to marry with his artistic collection. And I now thought of some woman, whose life had both colored his and chiselled his from, him in connection with the pictures that seemed to be the threads with which the pattern of Jack's history was enwoven.

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I too am very fond of paintings, and when Gardiner mentioned the gallery at Broadwater Lodge he overcame my last objection to accompany him to that scene of festivity.

"It will be one of the best balls of the season," he told me. "The Prince and Princess are to be there, and all the beauties. And last, not least, Lady Belmont."

"Who is she?"

"The wife of a brother diplomatist, who has just returned from this special mission to Central America. They said he is to be send next to Petersburg, whither I much want to go. I know him a little; I met him once at Athens; and I rather want to come across him again."

"And is milady a reigning belle?"

"So they say. I haven't seen her yet. I have only heard of her from Lateward, who was with them in Peru. He raved of her."

"One is very apt to rave of a compatriot, that one has met in an out-of-the-way place, where there was no competition."

"Exactly so."

So it ended in our going together to the ball, where I soon lost sight of Jack, and amused myself by standing in a doorway between two rooms, watching the gay throng. Presently I caught sight of a woman, whom I at once decided was Lady Belmont—and I was right. A belle ought to be immediately recognizable; and by that term I do not mean a beautiful woman, which is a very different thing. True beauty is the correlation of inner to outer graces. And all Lady Belmont's graces were outer. Of that I felt certain.

She had a lovely little face; but it was a mere face.

"A mere most lovely, dainty blossomed face,
And statue-moulded body—only this."

Whilst I was looking at her and amusing myself by listening to the remarks—none too kind—about her appearance which were going on around me, I caught sight of Jack approaching rapidly from the inner room. He had seen Sir Thomas Belmont and was evidently hurrying towards him. Just as he came within a few yards of her ladyship, the group that had formed around her parted, and he and she stood face to face. Almost mechanically I turned to look at him, to read in his countenance what he thought of the beauty that was supposed to turn all (masculine) heads. And never shall I forget what I saw there. Joy, surprise, admiration, horror, love, a hundred conflicting emotions were struggling for the mastery. For one brief moment he seemed to lose all control over himself. But in that moment Sir Thomas turned and recognized him, and then I heard the usual formula: "Gardiner, let me introduce you to Lady Belmont." And as Jack bowed, his countenance was as calm and impassive as ever, and for an instant I was tempted to doubt the evidence of my own senses.

Could I have been dreaming? No. I knew I had not when Jack looked round and met my gaze, and read in it the bewilderment I could not conceal. A minute later he had left the room, and shortly afterwards I found myself standing up in a set of lancers, with Lady Joan Pierrepoint for my partner. She was full of the new beauty, concerning whom she had been hearing much that afternoon. General Devereux had been calling at Doncaster House, and had told the Duchess that Sir Thomas Belmont had married shortly before starting on that special mission to Central America, from which he had only just returned; that he believed Lady Belmont's maiden name was Langwell or Langley, or something of that sort—that it had been a case of love at first sight, and that the diplomatist's fair bride had been met, wooed, won, and wedded in the short space of a month. General Devereux had also said something about Lady Belmont's mother: that she painted, or sang, or wrote, or did something—Lady Joan could not exactly remember what. Did I think Lady Belmont very pretty? she asked.

"Very," I replied absently. I was not thinking of her at all; but of Gardiner, my old friend and schoolfellow.

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Two days later, Jack dropped in upon me one afternoon when I was fortunately not very busy.

"I have come to say good-bye," he exclaimed, throwing himself into my well-worn leather arm-chair. "I am off next week to Rio."

"To Rio?" I repeated in amazement. "Why?"

"Stanton has died suddenly, and I have been offered his vacant place; I'm glad to go."

I felt certain that he had applied for the vacant place. "I thought you wanted to go to Russia."

He shook his head. "Not now. Lord Derwentwater is returning home soon, and the place will be offered to Belmont, I happen to know, and ——and—— Well, I should be saying all this to you, but you were there last night, and saw——and——"

"Don't tell me anything you don't want me to know," I interrupted him quickly. "I certainly saw something—enough to puzzle, but not enough to enlighten me. I read a riddle, but not the solution to it."

"You shall have it, then, now in four words. I love Lady Belmont."

"You fell in love with her at first sight?"

"I did."

"But just reflect. You admire—well, you love her; but it is at first sight, and a second sight may reverse your previous opinion. In the name of all that is wise and prudent don't throw up your chances of advancement in a chosen career for the sake of what is probably a mere passing fancy."

"It hasn't passed in four long years," he said bitterly.

Then he had known her before!

"Four years ago, Dick, I was in town for a couple of months just before I was sent to Athens. I was staying at Queen's Gate, at Uncle Lorrimer's. The family were all away, and I had the house to myself, and naturally I was out all day long. Every morning when it was fine I used to go by the Underground from South Kensington to Charing Cross, for the sake of the few minutes' walk at the beginning and end of my journal before turning into the F. O. One day—I can remember it as if it were yesterday—I was crossing by the corner of Manson Place when I heard some one say: 'Will you buy some kingcups this morning, sir?' I looked round, attracted by the clearness and sweetness of the voice, and saw a young girl whom it seemed to me must have dropped straight from heaven at my feet. I need not describe her to you, you have seen her for yourself; but I can assure you she was even lovelier then than now."

That I could easily believe, for Lady Belmont's was not one of the faces that gain with time. It had the beauty of the healthy, happy young animal—innocent, but with the innocence of ignorance, and perfectly soulless.

"I bought a bunch of kingcups," continued Jack, "carried them with me to the F. O., hastened back to that corner in the early afternoon, bought more flowers, and stood chatting with the fair seller whilst a biting east wind blew dust that burnt like cayenne pepper down my throat. On the morrow I repeated my folly, and for three consecutive to-morrows. Then came a pouring wet morning, and as I drove past Manson Place there was no one to be seen. In the afternoon the rain cleared off, and I was at my corner by four, but she did not appear. The next day was Saturday, and I lingered talking to my darling for nearly half-an-hour, trying to learn something of her history. 'I have none,' she said; 'mother and I are poor, and I sell flowers, and she does what she can to make money.' I asked if I might to call on them. 'No,' she answered. 'Mother was an honest woman and she was an honest girl, and they must not be having any gentlemen visitors.' I was just going to reply that I loved her with all my heart, and heaven knows what else, when old Admiral Spence came hobbling up and carried me off, saying as we went that he wished the police would "clear the streets of those young flower-girls." Well, that same day I heard the news of my appointment to Athens, and I resolved to take her with me—as my wife."

"Good heaven!" thought I, "and I have always looked upon this man as one of the most level-headed of my friends."

"Throughout Sunday," continued Jack, "I tramped about the streets of Chelsea—for it was there that I had made up my mind that my sweetheart lived—but all in vain; I never caught sight of her. In the evening I received a telegram calling me out of town. I was away a day and a half. On my return the rain was again pouring down in torrents, but early the next morning I was at the old corner. The big basket was in its place, but a stranger stood beside it.

"'Where is the girl who usually sits here?' I asked.

"'Dunno,' was the reply. Then, 'Nobody never sits here; but now I've come.'

"'But a girl was here all last week.'

"'Dunno your girl,' was the only answer I could get, and at that moment another woman came up:

"'Peggy Shaw used to stand here sometimes; she's gone to service now. Her mother's dead, and Peggy ain't no good at sellin'.'

"How prone we all are to accept as evidence statements that square with our own views and wishes! Peggy, who was of course 'no good at sellin',' was unquestionably the girl I was in search of. But oh, how I must be boring you, Dick! Well, I went that same afternoon to the wretched street in Battersea where I was told that the Shaws had lived, and there I learnt that Peggy was in service in Queen's Road, Bayswater. I made a note of the address, and as I was turning away I heard a blowsey hard-featured woman say to another of her kind: 'Well, Peggy was a rare homely one to look at, and yet a gentleman comes here to ask for her.'

"'She wasn't so bad neither,' replied the other, 'afore she had the black small-pox so badly; nearly eatin' away one eye.'

"As you may fancy, I never took that walk to Bayswater. The half-eaten away eye settled the question of identity; but for the next few days I paced the streets until I was ready to drop. I cross-questioned policemen and cabmen and street loafers of every description, but all in vain! And on the appointed day I started for Athens.

"I tried something—work, play, dissipation, everything, I think, except drink. But the one nail, instead of driving the other out, seemed only to drive it further in. They say, Dick, that there comes a time when all men forget, but that day has yet to dawn for me."

"But it will dawn," I replied. "The deepest and most ardent love dies out if it has nothing—neither hope nor certainty—to feed upon. The number of grandes passions which can feed upon themselves are so few as to be practically non-existent. Those which can do so almost cease to be love in its human sense, and become a kind of cult."

"My case, then, must be an exception to the rule," said Gardiner drily. "At all events, my duty is plain and my course clear. I cannot face the prospect of meeting her daily. All hankering after material things is a torture when it isn't a sin. Generally it is both. I needn't add that all I have been telling you is between ourselves—for as long as I live, at all events."

I nodded acquiescence, smiling faintly over the "As long as I live." I do believe in that of those who have only loved once. The heart, like the body, contracts habits.

The following week I dined at Doncaster House, where I found myself seated at table between Lady Joan Pierrepoint and Lady Belmont. The Duke's youngest daughter was not a great talker, and for some time Lady Belmont monopolized my attention. Her conversation was of the style that needs youth and beauty to make it pass muster. She was (in the slang of the day) full of chaff; but it was very innocent chaff, and equally free from either malice or impropriety. I suppose she found me dull and not up to date, for she soon began to rally me on my low spirits. I admitted my shortcomings, addings, as an excuse, that an old and valued friend of mine, Sir John Gardiner, had started that morning for Rio de Janeiro, and that I believe the place was very unhealthy.

"Sir John Gardiner!" she exclaimed; "I know him. That is to say, I was introduced to him the other night at Broadwater Lodge."

"You had never met him before?" I asked, looking straight into her eyes.

She shook her head. "No; that is to say, I think not; but I have a bad memory for faces, and since my marriage I have met and been introduced to so many new people that I constantly find myself failing to recognize some one who claims acquaintance with me. It is an awful fault in a diplomatist's wife, I know, and I live in dread of Sir Thomas sending me to some of those professors who teach memory."

"Nothing would teach some people," I replied curtly.

It was six months later before I again came across Lady Belmont, and, strange to say, she did remember me. We met on the "island" between St. George's Hospital and Hyde Park Corner, on a dull December morning, when the sky was one still grey cloud, and the wind was driving little flakes of snow through the chilly air. She was looking very pretty in her furs, with a touch of bright red velvet in her hat, and she held out her hand with a bewitching smile.

"You see I do know you again."

"You do me too much honor, Lady Belmont."

"Please don't be sarcastic. I hate it. If you are, I shall try to forget you."

"Then you probably won't succeed."

She laughed. "I wish, then, that I could think I ought to forget all the hundred and one people I have to see to-day—dressmakers, milliners, coachmen, grooms. . . . . You know, of course, that we are going to Petersburg. My husband has started, and I have to follow after the new year. And, oh! the shopping, and the wiring, and the arranging! My poor head is in a whirl. . . . . How is Sir John Gardiner? I conclude by your woeful countenance that he is still away."

"And will never return," I answered.

"I heard of his death this morning. He was carried off by an attack of the same kind of fever that killed young Stanton."

"How awful!" she exclaimed. "Poor fellow! and he was so handsome, too! I remember him quite well at Broadwater Lodge."

"And nowhere else, Lady Belmont?"

"You speak with intention, Mr. Halford. Ought I to remember him everywhere else? And where?"

We had been walking together during this brief conversation, and had now reached the corner of Park Lane, where I had to turn off.

"Tell me," she continued, speaking rather imperiously, as she signalled to the driver of a hansom passing at the moment. "Tell me. You must."

I looked her full in the face as I answered, "Will you buy some kingcups this morning, sir?"

She started, and colored vividly.

"Mr. Halford, I never know . . . I did not recognize . . . I assure you I don't. I . . . Oh, what must you have thought of me?"

"That signifies very little," I said.

"I beg your pardon; it signifies a great deal; and I must tell you—but, remember, it is between ourselves. I did it for a bet. Somebody betted me ten pounds that I would not sell flowers in the street for a whole week, and I did it, and I won my money. I was such a harum-scarum girl—and we were really very poor; and my mother never looked after me; she was always writing trashy novels." (Whilst you were living them, I thought.) "And I remember now, perfectly, that there was some one who came to buy of me, and . . . and . . ."

"And who fell in love with you," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"No, no!" she cried. "Not that. It was only in jest."

"To you, perhaps. Not to him. Good-bye, Lady Belmont."

"Good-bye, Mr. Halford. Please don't think unkindly of me; and, remember, what I have been telling you is between ourselves."

"Between ourselves," I murmured; and again I was thinking of Jack, and not of her.

In another minute the hansom had vanished from my sight, hidden by the fog and the driving snow, and I was speeding up Park Lane towards Hertford Street, where dwelt a fair client, who had made the love-match of the previous season, and who was already longing to be freed from "the chain that galls but cleaveth not." Would Jack have been happier had he gained his heart's desire, and married that pretty doll? I asked myself.

Who should say? In the volume of the book of fate there is one terrible chapter, at the head of which we read these words: Gratified desires.

MRS. RANDLE—"My dear, how can you trust your husband with your letter? How do you know he will ever think to post it?" "Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, I told him that I wrote mamma last week. If she didn't hear from me promptly she must come at once."

The Two Stars.

BY V. L. J.

SO MY sister Mary has decided on that house, at St. Leonards, and taken it for the winter. Dear me!"

And Mrs. Sinclair said these last words in such aggrieved tones, that a sensation ran round the breakfast-table. Her eldest daughter, Lestelle, commonly known as "Lessie," stopped in the lively discussion she was holding with her aunt Stella, and Mr. Sinclair laid down his newspaper.

"The wisest thing Mrs. Dennett could do, he observed. "After living in India so long, she ought to take what precautions she can against our inclement winter."

"But she might have settled down nearer," his wife responded. "It would have been such a boon to have some one at hand who would advise and sustain me when I have one of my bad attacks, or—or other worries to contend with.

"Possibly Mary thinks you have enough backers up in Stella and Lessie, and last, and of least account, my own self. Anyhow, she is within reach if really wanted, and with that you ought to be satisfied."

"And she will fill her house with company, and have a delightful time of it!" sighed Mrs. Sinclair. "Whilst I, what with the home cares, and the children, and my delicate health, am little better than a prisoner."

Mr. Sinclair was too generous, or too politic to remind her that she had spent the pleasantest months of the early autumn in Switzerland, besides sundry trips to Paris and Brighton; so he answered, pacifically:

"Perhaps you are overweighed sometimes, but would you care to exchange with Mary, who has come back to us widowed and childless? I dare say she would willingly resign her excellent income, if it would give back to her the kind husband and promising sons she has lost."

Mrs. Sinclair put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, don't remind me of those dreadful things! or talk as if I did not thoroughly sympathise with my poor dear sister! I'm sure I'd do anything for her, anything."

"So I told her, when she said she wished you'd spare her one or other of the two Stars, if only for a week or two."

The corners of Mrs. Sinclair's mouth began to droop.

"It will be so dreadfully inconvenient," she complained, "especially as we have a new cook, and some one must look after her till she has fallen into our ways, and then, it will never do for the little ones to be left entirely to themselves, while their governess is away on her holiday. As far as I am concerned, I would make any sacrifice."

"I think," said Stella Sinclair, a charming woman of eight and twenty, "I think I could manage both the cook, and the children's lessons, if Lessie likes to go to her aunt's assistance."

"And I," said Lessie, demurely, "am sure I can do as much or more, if aunt Stella will go to Hastings. She had had no outing all the summer."

"Don't say that as if it were my fault, Lestelle," exclaimed her mother, putting on such an injured air that Mr. Sinclair hastened to interpose.

"I can see mamma intends you two to settle the question yourselves. She is willing to spare one or other—which is it to be?"

"I don't like St Leonards," said Lessie, "am I'm afraid aunt Mary's guests will all be terrible old fogies; retired Indian officers and baked-up Judges, with little withered wives and ugly daughters. I should be the only smart young thing amongst them. Think what I should have to undergo! Unless," she added, "aunt Mary has considered this, and invited one or two nice men on purpose to take me out and amuse me."

"If these are your opinions, I'm afraid it'll be no consolation," laughed her father, "to read your aunt's list of expected guests. 'The Amblers are coming to me,' she say, 'and Judge Dubbs and his two sisters, and Major Ames, and Colonel Durance.'"

"I know who the Amblers are, and Major Ames," interposed Lessie, "and if Judge Dubbs' two sisters are as old and prosy as he is, I pity aunt Mary! It's you that will have to go after all, aunt Stella. The old folks don't seem to bore you as they do me."

There was a soft glow on Stella Sinclair's cheek not often sent there, and a look of unusual animation on her face as she listened to her saucy niece, but ere she could object or assent to the new arrangement, Lessie chattered on:

"Who was it you mentioned last, papa? Major—no, Colonel Durance. Is he as aged and sun-baked as the others? Do I know him?"

"I do," said Mr. Sinclair, "or did ten years ago, before he went to Rawul Pindee. As nice a fellow as ever lived! I have always felt sorry——"

But here he checked himself, and glanced at his sister, who had quietly risen from his seat, and with averted face was gliding away.

"Oh, don't go, Stella," cried her sister-in-law, "till I have told you what I want done in the storeroom."

Apparently Miss Sinclair did not hear this, and with a peevish expression of surprise that no one seemed to take any notice when she spoke to them, the mistress of the house followed her from the room.

Mr. Sinclair folded up his newspaper, and was making for a sash window that opened on the garden, when Lessie nimbly interposed her plump little figure.

"Halte la, monsieur papa; you are not going till you have satisfied me on the point you have provokingly left in doubt."

"And that is—what?" queried Mr. Sinclair, "Which of my home stars is to forsake me for the gaieties of St. Leonards? I thought you decided that yourself, my dear. You said your aunt Stella should go, didn't you?"

"That is not the vexed question. She may go, and welcome, but what I want to know is this—why did you stop short when you were talking of Colonel Durance?"

Mr. Sinclair tried to twist himself out of his daughter's grasp.

"It's an old story that it would pain me to revive. I wish I had not made any allusion to it, especially in Stella's hearing, for I can see that she has not forgotten her handsome young lover."

"I knew aunt Stella had a secret!" cried Lessie, triumphantly, "and that it was connected with the pearl brooch she seldom wears, but treasures as if it were worth hundreds. Go on, papa; I must hear the rest. She and Colonel Durance fell in love—what a good wife she would have made him!—well, and why didn't they marry? Were they too poor?"

"He was only a subaltern then, but he had something beside his pay."

"Did he jilt her? Hateful wretch! Oh! why, why didn't you thrash him for it, papa? Was he too big?"

Mr. Sinclair laughed.

"Hush! you silly child; there was no necessity for me to be Stella's champion; Durance behaved most honorably. It was my father who separated them, and very unkindly, I thought, but he was suffering, though none of us knew at the time, from the incurable complaint that eventually killed him, and could not resolve to part with the most loving and tender of his nurses. So poor Stella was told that Durance gambled, and his proposals were declined on the plea that she was already engaged."

"And they both believed these wicked stories?"

Mr. Sinclair nodded.

"I am afraid so. I cannot justify the course my father took; neither is it for me to condemn him; so I have comforted myself with the thought that poor Stella's health would certainly have given way under the blazing heats of India. After all, she and Durance had not known each other very long, and she has always seemed quite contented with the home we have given her, though I must confess she has more to contend with than I could bear so good-humoredly."

"She certainly permits mamma to do all the grumbling," responded Lessie, "and loves the rest of us dearly. Perhaps," added the young lady, demurely, "her experiences of what mamma calls 'the depressing anxieties of marriage, and the toil of rearing a large family,' have made aunt Stella rejoice in her own escape."

"H'm," said Mr. Sinclair, thoughtfully. "I wonder if Durance is still unmarried? If he and Stella meet at your aunt Mary's——"

But Lessie would not understand her father's unfinished sentence, nor see his inquiring glance.

Perhaps, in spite of her youth, she was too practical to believe that a romance, the first chapter of which closed abruptly ten years ago, could ever be brought to a happy ending now.

The portly rector of the parish, a widower in excellent circumstances, had never attempted to disguise the admiration with which he regarded Stella Sinclair, and surely with her many domestic virtues and infinite charity, the position of a clergyman's wife would be more suitable than marriage with a military man.

Lessie may have pondered on this all that day, for she was unusually thoughtful; anyhow, she informed her family, at the dinner-table, that after all she intended to make a sacrifice of herself, and join Mrs. Dennett on the morrow at St. Leonards.

"And I thought it was arranged that Stella——" Mr. Sinclair began, only to be stopped by his imperious little daughter.

"Papa, why will you interfere, after saying so positively that she and I were to decide for ourselves which should go?"

"And have you done so? Has your aunt really had a voice in the matter?"

"Now, don't you hear me say 'I am going?' No, I haven't talked it over with aunt Stella; there was no occasion for that. I knew already that she would not object—she never does, the dear old thing."

"But," Mr. Sinclair persisted, "you yourself, Lessie, reminded us that your aunt has not been anywhere this season, and——"

Here Mrs. Sinclair contrived to make herself heard.

"I declare it is too bad, too selfish of you all to form your plans without taking me into consideration. I am to be left with the trouble of the house, and the nursery, and the schoolroom upon me, and no one but the servants, who never can be relied on. But never mind, I shall not murmur, no, not if it kills me."

Then the lachrymose lady had to be consoled, and assured that if her daughter went her sister-in-law would remain, and while her utterly selfish complaints flowed on in a wearisome stream, no one seemed to see that Stella Sinclair's lips were quivering with pain, and her eyes aching with the unshed tears she resolutely kept back.

As fondly as if it were only yesterday they were parted, did she remember the lover of her youth, and longed to know if he were as constant to the memory of their brief engagement as she had been. Her heart had fluttered wildly ever since it was proposed that she should go to St. Leonards, where a meeting would be inevitable. At one moment she had pictured the joyful start, the eager clasp of hands with which he would recognize her; at the next she was remembering that the ten long years of separation must have left their mark upon her. He was still in the prime of his manhood; but she had faded from the lovely girl of eighteen into the pale, thoughtful woman of eight and twenty. Would it not, then, be wiser to let the past be forgotten, and avoid a rencontre that might bring with it mortification instead of pleasure?

However, Lessie's resolve had put it out of her power to meet Colonel Durance again, and she must bow to her destiny. Perhaps he had long since forgotten his old love in the smiles of a newer, fairer, richer one, and she must content herself with her duties and the knowledge that she was useful in her brother's large household.

She was paler and more silent than ever, while Lessie ran about the house, busy with the packing of the trunks, into which all the prettiest of her dresses were being crowded; but she came to her niece's assistance as often as she heard herself called, and smiled as kindly, and answered as readily as if she were not longing to get away into some corner and indulge in the luxury of a good cry.

With much persuasion, Mrs. Sinclair was induced to lend her daughter a few of her prettiest trinkets.

"And I may have your bracelet, with the opal clasp, mayn't I, aunt Stella? Thanks, very much. Give me the key of your dressing-box, and I'll fetch it. No, no, you shall not go yourself; you have been running about till you look tired to death."

So Lessie fetched the bracelet, but it was not till she had stepped into the T-cart, in which her father was to drive her to the station, that she made the following confession:

"Don't be angry, auntie, darling, but when I went to your dressing-case I helped myself to your pearl brooch. I'll take the greatest care of it."

And she was gone, taking with her Stella Sinclair's one treasure, the only gift she had ever accept from Archie Durance. Gone to win for herself, in her girlish longing for admiration, the love that had once been given to her less fortunate aunt,

who, after one desperate fit of weeping bravely conquered her regrets, and took up her old monotonous round of working and waiting upon others.

* * * * * *

Two or three weeks soon passed away, not without much murmuring from Mrs. Sinclair at the neglect with which her absent daughter was treating her. Hitherto the merry Lessie has proved herself a very good correspondent when absent from the home in which she was sorely missed; but on this occasion she was unaccountably idle. A couple of lines on a postcard, to announce her safe arrival and a promise to write soon, were all her friends received.

It was Mrs. Dennett who, in her long, gossipping letters to her sister, conveyed brief messages from the young girl.

"Lessie's love, and is too much occupied to write at present. She has struck up a tremendous friendship with Archie Durance. You used to know him some years ago, he tells me; and they are out together, rowing or riding, till I tell my harum-scarum niece she will ruin her complexion."

And after two or three of these communications, Mrs. Dennett added a significant postscript:

"If you or Mr. Sinclair disapprove of this intimacy, come and take Lessie home before it is too late. For my own part I like Colonel Durance immensely; but you may consider him too old for such a very young girl as my god-daughter."

"It's too bad of Lessie," groaned her mother, "to think of getting married just as she is old enough to be of some use to me, and take part of the burden of the housekeeping off my shoulders. It's horribly selfish of her?"

"It's very, very hard upon my poor sister," thought Mr. Sinclair, "to find herself ousted for a heedless little creature, incapable of loving as truly and deeply as I know she has loved Archie Durance. I wish Mary had never invited him to her house, and I long to act on her suggestion and fetch Lessie away; but that would not avail Stella anything. If he has ceased to care for her no interference of mine would bring back his affection, and might only mar the happiness of my own daughter."

While Mr. Sinclair hesitated how to act, and furtively watched Stella to see whether she looked more pensive than common, Lessie wrote to announce that she was coming home.

"And not alone, Colonel Durance will escort me, and, dear papa and dear mamma, you must give him a very cordial reception, for he's awfully nice, and I am immensely fond of him. The rest when I see you. I am so glad I came to St. Leonards, it has been such a jolly time."

Mr. Sinclair descanted on the contents of this letter to see her sister-in-law, till the latter could have screamed in her misery.

Why must she be tortured with these repeated assurances, that though her mother had not intended Lessie to marry so early, the little gipsy really had done very well for herself?

Colonel Durance was of excellent family, and had distinguished himself in some battle, and won the Victoria Cross; and if he took a house in or near London, it would be very pleasant to run up to town to do one's shopping, or go to the exhibitions, &c.

Was it wicked of Stella to be seized with such a pang, when she caught sight of Lessie's blushing face upraised to meet the well remembered dark eyes of Archie Durance, that she could neither speak nor move? She longed to escape, to hide herself from everyone till she could regain the self control now deserting her. But the children, always shy of a stranger, were clinging to her gown, and the baby was in her arms.

Her brother saw her emotion, pitied, and did his best to shield her from observation. Thanks to him, she was able to keep in the background till the travellers had alighted, listened patiently to all Mrs. Sinclair's platitudes, and exchanged joyous greetings with her husband.

But now Lessie put the children aside to throw herself on the neck of the sweet, gentle woman, who, in the midst of her natural regrets, had cherished no envy, no unkindly dislike of her younger fairer rival.

"Ah, here she is! Dear aunt Stella, how nice it is to be with you once again. See I have brought you an old friend. He will not stay with us unless you give him the welcome I have taken upon myself to promise in your name."

And then, somehow or other, for Stella never knew how it was managed, Lessie had dispatched all the little ones to unpack the bag of goodies she has brought them, carried off her mother to hear some message of importance from Mrs. Dennett, and bestowed on her father such an arch glance, and significant nod, that he discovered he had business elsewhere; and thus the room was vacated by everyone, save the Colonel and Miss Sinclair, whose hands he was holding, and on whose flushed face he was gazing quite as tenderly as of yore.

* * * * * *

"Then it's not you, after all, Lessie!" exclaimed her mother, in the familiar tones of plaintive dissatisfaction with something or somebody.

"Of course not, mamma," was the prompt reply. "How could you imagine that I should try to steal a heart that was given away long ago?"

"But your aunt Mary led me to believe that Colonel Durance admired you."

"So he does; at least I hope so. We are the best of friends, and he has promised to be the most indulgent of uncles."

"Then he is a constant lover, after all," observed Mr. Sinclair, rubbing his hands, delightedly. "But, Lessie, you might have spared poor Stella some little suffering, if you have known this all along."

"But I have not, papa. At first Colonel Durance was reserved, and looked so coldly at me, that I was glad I had carried out my plan, and prevented aunt Stella from meeting him till one had gleaned some notion of the state of his feelings. It would have been dreadful for her to be living in the same house with him, if he had come back to England married, or even engaged."

"Were you thoughtful enough to take all these things into consideration? Bravo, little daughter! So this is why you went to St. Leonards."

"And never rested till I had overcome the Colonel's reserve," said Lessie. "And that was not till I wore the brooch—his brooch, you know—in his presence; and told him how much aunt Stella valued it, and how I had once found her crying for it."

"Oh, Lessie! how could you?" exclaimed her mother, reprovingly.

"It had the desired effect, mamma," was the triumphant reply. "It induced him to tell me how bitterly he had resented her usage of him. I suppose, papa, you did not know that he was foolish enough to believe the contents of that cruel letter, and always supposed that aunt Stella had married the man for whom he was led to believe that she had forsaken him."

"And so he has lived a bachelor for her sake. Dear me," said Mrs. Sinclair, "then there will be a wedding, though not yours, Lessie; but how am I to spare Stella, now that I have trained her to be of some little use to me?"

The rest of these murmurings was breathed to the air, for the opening of a door had made Lessie and her father hurry away, to felicitate the reunited lovers.

In a few weeks Lessie had the pleasure of filling the important office of bridesmaid to her aunt, and proudly wearing the two diamond stars which were the gift of the grateful bridegroom.

Getting His Stake.—A New York business man, who had gone to Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due to him there, was about to return, when he discovered that there was one account, for 100 dollars, which he had overlooked. He consulted the landlord of the hotel, at which he was a guest, who knew the debtor, and thought it a doubtful case; but added that, if it was collectable at all, he know of a professional collector, a tall, rawboned fellow from Vermont—he was, by the way, just then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall—who, he thought, would "worry it out" of the man if any one could. He was called up, introduced to the creditor, and shown the account.

"Wall, square," said he, "'tain't much use tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as wall try to squeeze the out of Bunker Hill monument as to try an' c'lect a debt out of him. But, anyhow, square, what'll ye give, sposin' I dew try?"

"Well, sir, the bill s 100 dollars. I'll give you 50—if you collect it."

"Greed," replied the collector; "thar's no harm in tryin', any how."

Some time afterwards the creditor chanced to be again in Boston, and in walking up Tremont Street encountered the enterprising collector

"Look ahere, square," said the collector. "I had considerable luck with that bill o' yourn. You see, I struck to him like a dog to a rat, but for a week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home he was 'short;' if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. Bymby, after goin' sixteen times, says I, 'By gum, I'll fix you!' says I. So I sot down onto the door-step, and sot all day and part of the evenin', an' then I begun early next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in."

"Ah," said the creditor; "he paid up, eh?"

"Wall, yaas, he kinder did so. He paid me my half, an' I gin him up the note."

With Waxen Face.—A French medical journey tells of a remarkable surgical operation performed upon a certain Joseph Moreau, a soldier in the army of the North, whose eyes, nose, teeth, and lower jaw, and indeed his whole face was shot away by a shell in the battle of Bapaume, January, 1871. Although he was left on the field for dead, he managed to stagger to a neighboring village, where he was cared for by the doctors. Later on one of the most distinguished surgeons of the day applied to the head, which was left almost without human semblance, a wax mask so cleverly adapted to the healthy portion of the skin as to appear quite continuous with it. This mask, as the years have passed, has become firmly attached to the head, the skin having grown around the edges, and has permitted the unfortunate wearer to appear less an object of repulsion to his fellow men.

Moreau has now got quite used to breathing through the false nostrils, and by the help of an artificial jaw worked by a portion of the original bone, he is able to eat with comfort the toughest kind of food.

His voice has regained its natural quality and the sense of smell has come back to him with even more than natural acuteness. Of course, he sees nothing through the false eyes which look from his waxen features with a glassy stare, but it is long since he has acquired the peace of mind with which blind men are so often blessed, and in all the district where he lives there is not a happier man or one more fond of telling and listening to a good story than he who is known as the "Man with the waxen face." He lives modestly on his pension, and adds to his resources by the sale of a little pamphlet giving a scientific account of his wonderful cure.

An old almanac for 1814 gives the following as the rates of postage prevailing at that time: "For every single letter by land, for 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles 10; 150 miles, 12½ cents; 300 miles, [illegible] 400 miles, 20 cents, and for more than 400 miles, 25 cents. No allowance to be made for intermediate miles. Every double letter is to pay double the said rates; every triple letter, triple every packet weighing one ounce, at the rate of four single letters each ounce. Every ship letter originally received at an office for delivery, 6 cents. Magazines and pamphlets, not over 50 miles, 1 cent per sheet; over 50 miles and not exceeding 100 miles, 1½ cents per sheet; over 100 miles, 2 cents per sheet."

It is well known that the tails of comets stream away from the sun, and are of very low density. Various hypotheses have been propounded to explain their movement away from the sun, but the most promising is that of a Russian physicist, who ascribes it to the repulsion of the solar radiation acting on a mass of extreme tenuity, whilst, on the other hand, the attraction of gravitation operates between the solar mass and the solid nucleus of the comet. The same physicist accounts for the mysterious terrestrial phenomenon of the zodiacal light in the same way. He believes that the earth has also a tail of cosmic dust, not luminous of itself, but by reflecting the sunlight.

"These apple dumplings of yours, Labelle," said Mr. McSwat heartily, "in their way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objection to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?"

"Certainly not, Billinger," replied Mrs. McSwat; "I am glad they please you, dear."

"Now then," muttered Mr. McSwat savagely, as he walked down town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket, "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked legged, snub nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again!"

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Several days ago C. S. Boerbower, of Jacksonville, Fla., presented to a friend in Waldo a very fine pug dog and sent it up by express. He was very much surprised a few mornings after at finding the dog lying on the front porch, a little jaded but still in the ring. Upon investigation it was found that the dog had run away and had gone the distance of fifty miles afoot. Boerbower says he will send him back in a few days [illegible], for he believes the dog took observations on the way up with the firm determination to return.

A gentleman with a handsome equipage, followed by a fine English mastiff, drove up in front of a Cincinnati hostelry the other day, and, jumping from his buggy, snapped the hitch strap into the ring of his horse's bit and then placed the other end of the strap in the mouth of his mastiff, which by this time had seated himself on the curbstone. There the mastiff sat like a statue of stone, holding the strap securely while his master went in to "see a man." On the gentleman's exit the dog yielded up the strap and the gentleman drove off, closely followed by the faithful four-legged lackey.

"The war was responsible for many queer things," said a St. Louis surgeon now at the Southern. "Up in Northern Minnesota lives a man who entered the service in 1861. He was a very dull fellow, almost a fool. During one of the sorties made by the Confederates at Donelson he received a buckshot in the head. The surgeons could not find it, and the wound healed. He returned to duty one of the brightest men in his company, and in time became Second Lieutenant. At the close of the war he returned home, married a superior woman, prospered in business, and was elected Sheriff of his county. Three years ago his head began to give him a great of trouble. He came to St. Paul, and I located the buckshot and removed it. He is now as healthy as ever, but is the same stupid dolt that he was before the fight at Fort Donelson."

A teacher comments upon the ease with which a habit may be broken up if the incentive of fear or gain be strong enough. The remark was prompted by her school experience during the recent cholera episode. Everybody knows that "to go and get a drink!" is the end and aim apparently of all school children and few teachers have been able to combat the practice successfully. Cholera, or the fear of cholera proved equal to the task. It was evident for the first fortnight of school this autumn that an extraordinary influence had been brought to bear upon the pupils. In lieu of the constant procession of thirsty children the coolers stood idle and unsought. Parents, for once in earnest, had impressed their small people with a horror of any but boiled water, and had evidently seriously warned them of possible consequences. Some children, unable to endure the long abstinence, brought bottles of boiled water to school every day, keeping them in their desks for occasional refreshment.

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Our Young Folks.

MILLIE'S GERANIUM.

BY M. A. C.

I MUST take it this afternoon, said Millie.

She bestowed an admiring glance upon her pet plant as she spoke, and, indeed, it was worthy of admiration, being a fine healthy looking geranium, with glossy leaves and masses of beautiful scarlet bloom.

"I think you had better let father carry it to the school, dear," said her mother. "It would be a pity if any accident should happen to it, and it would be too much for you to manage; the pot is a large one."

"Very well," nodded Millie, sticking up her books. "Mother, don't you think it is certain to take the prize?"

"I think it is very likely to do so," returned Mrs. Reynolds, smiling at her daughter's beaming face. "Now run away, girlie, or you will be late for school."

Millie kissed her mother, and walked swiftly down the garden-walk, and Mrs. Reynolds removed the plant from the table on which it had been standing to its accustomed place in the window of the cottage.

"I wish I had such a beautiful plant for my own," said a wistful voice, and a pair of blue eyes gazed longingly at the scarlet blossoms. The speaker was little Janie Grey, a niece of Mrs. Reynold's, who had come a few days before from her home, in a big smoky town, to spend some weeks in the country. Janie had never been away from home before, and she was delighted with all she saw at Hurstleigh. Her aunt's pretty cottage, the garden gay with flowers, the speckled hens that were kept in a yard at the back—even the fat pig, reclining lazily upon his straw bed, and hardly deigning to open his sleepy eyes at the approach of visitors—all these were charming in Janie's eyes.

"Perhaps your uncle may be able to get one for you to take home with you," said Mrs. Reynolds kindly; "it won't be such a fine one as this is, but then Millie has reared this from a cutting. If you are so fond of flowers, Janie, perhaps you would like a bit of ground for a garden, and I will give you some plants to put in it, as seeds would take too long in coming up."

Janie's eyes sparkled at this proposal, and she followed her aunt to a corner of the garden where there was a bit of waste ground. In it some weeds were flourishing, but Janie thought it would be a pleasant task to clear them away, and her small cousin Teddie promptly offered his assistance. Mrs. Reynolds wished to make some purchases in the village, so she left the children to their labors, telling Janie to keep Teddie near her, so that he might not get into mischief.

For some time all went well. Janie hoed away industriously at the weeds, and Teddie pulled up a few with his chubby hands, and thought that he was doing something clever; then Janie raked her garden until it looked quite smooth and neat.

"I'nt f'owers in now," said Ted, who was looking on with much interest.

"I haven't any," said Janie regretfully. "I wish auntie had given them to me before she went. I could have made it look so nice."

"Me'll det some," nodded Teddie, trotting off towards a bed of pansies.

Now Janie knew she ought not to allow her little cousin to touch the flowers, and yet she did not try to prevent him. There were so many pansies, it seemed as if a few would not be missed, and she was so anxious to make her garden look pretty. So, when Teddie returned with his hands filled with purple blossoms, Janie took them from him without remark, and began to stick them in the ground. She did not know that, having no roots, they would fade very soon.

"Dessun't 'nuff," lisped Teddie. "Me'll det more."

Janie hardly heard him, she was so busy. So the little fellow trotted off again, looking around in search of something particularly gay. He wanted Janie's garden to be a success, because she had allowed him to help her, and had not scolded him for gathering the pansies, as his father would have done. He was about to pull some roses, when he caught sight of Millie's geranium in the window, and it immediately entered his head that those beautiful scarlet flowers would be just the thing for Janie's garden.

Teddie had often been told not to touch the plant, but he forgot all about that now. The door was ajar, and he entered the kitchen and dragged a chair to the window; in another moment Millie's cherished plant was rifled of all its rich blossoms.

"Here, Janie! Look, look!" cried Teddie, running towards his cousin with outstretched hands.

Janie raised her head, and saw what those mischievous little hands held. To Teddie's surprise, instead of thanking him for what he had done she burst into tears.

"Oh, what Willie say?" she sobbed.

Mrs. Reynolds opens the garden gate at that moment, and approached the children. Janie's tears and Teddie's look of dismay warned her that something was wrong even before she noticed the flowers in the little boy's hand, and she asked at once what was the matter.

"It's all my fault, auntie," sobbed her contrite little niece; "I didn't tell Teddie not to touch the flowers, but let him get those pansies for me, though I knew it was naughty. And now he's picked all Millie's geranium,"—with a fresh burst of tears—"and her plant won't take the prize at the flower-show to-morrow."

Mrs. Reynolds was much distressed when she understood what her little boy had done, for the sake of Millie, whose disappointment would be so great. Janie was so patient that her aunt did not say much to her, and Teddie was too young to realise the trouble he had caused, though even he was aware that mother was grieved and that he ought to have remembered her warnings not to touch the plant.

At noon Millie came skipping merrily into the house, but her mirth was soon changed into sorrow.

Big tears fell upon the leaves of her geranium, and at first she thought that Janie deserved to be punished, even to be sent home, until Janie crept behind her and, throwing her arms about her neck, begged for forgiveness.

Millie was generous, and could not refuse the plea for pardon, though her tears fell still faster as she thought of the flower show that was going to be held on the morrow, and of Miss Mota, the vicar's daughter, who had promised a prize for the best window-plant reared by one of her school-children, which prize Millie had felt so sure of gaining. Her mother's remark that the geranium would most probably win the prize next year did not afford much comfort to Millie.

On the following day all the villagers turned out to see the show, and Janie went to the school with her aunt and cousins, though she had offered to remain at home, thinking she did not deserve the treat.

It was indeed a very pretty sight, the large room, tastefully decorated, with long tables down the centre, on which were arranged the flowers, fruit, and vegetables. The vicar gave away the prizes, with the exception of one, and that was presented by his daughter to one of Millie's classmates. Millie's cheeks crimsoned, and she choked down a sob as Miss Mota, looking so sweet in her white gown, handed the dainty satin-lined work-basket to Gertrude Thompson. Afterwards Miss Mota came to Millie, who was showing Janie the bouquets of wild flowers.

"Millie, dear, what has become of that fine geranium you meant to enter for the show?" she asked kindly.

Millie could not reply. But Janie, looking up into the young lady's pleasant face, took courage, and told the story of her disobedience and its result, adding that Millie had been so kind about it, and had forgiven her. Miss Mota did not say much then, but on the following day a parcel came to the cottage for Millie, containing a work-basket very like the one that had been given to Gertrude. On a slip of paper inside was written, "A Consolation Prize for Millie, from Mota Hayward."

"Hurrah! The geranium has got a prize after all!" cried Janie, clapping her hands in delight.

And Millie stooped down to kiss her cousin, feeling that her last trace of resentment had now vanished.

BEAUTIFUL BUT TERRIBLE.—The study of natural laws not infrequently reveals a close relation between some of the most beautiful phenomena of the earth and sky and the most terrible exhibitions of the destructive powers of nature. A striking instance of this is the crown of light feathery cirrus clouds that, floating high in the clear sunshine, indicates to the practised eye of the seaman the place where a West India hurricane is raging across the deep.

These clouds radiate from the centre of the hurricane where the fierce spiral currents of inblowing air, crowding together, rise to a great elevation, and then flow outward in every direction over the storm.

From the hues and texture of the distant clouds something may be learned of the character of the storm that produces them.

The United States Hydrographic Bureau informs ship captains that when the cirrus cloud plumes soon radiating from the storm are faint and opalescent in tint, gradually fading behind a veil of haze, the approaching storm is an old one of large area; but if the clouds are "of snowy whiteness, projected against a clear blue sky, it is a young cyclone of small area but great intensity."

The procession of clouds that accompanies a hurricane at sea is sometimes a most beautiful scene when viewed from a distance although a fearful tragedy may be enacting beneath that glowing canopy of sun-tinted vapors.

HIS TURNIP PUNISHMENT.—The story is told of a missionary who, as some one remarked, "has been unfortunate in his wives." This missionary had married at home and taken his wife with him to India. There after two years she died, and the brokenhearted widower received permission from the missionary board of his church to come home.

Here he promptly consoled himself, and with his second spouse returned to the field of his former labor. But fate was still unkind, and at the end of a year he was once more bereaved.

Again he besought the permission of his board to return home, but this time they gently but firmly declined, saying that they did not feel justified in the expense of giving him two holidays within two years. They suggested, delicately however, that if his desire was to recoup himself for his recent loss, it was possible for him to depute a friend to secure for him a new partner of his joys and sorrows. This he accordingly did, and after considerable correspondence and sundry delays the twice-bereaved widower received word that the one selected for him was on her way to his arms.

The day the steamer was signalled the bridegroom-elect went down to meet it, accompanied by a married friend. On the return of the latter to his house he was pounced upon by his wife, who demanded all the particulars of the meeting.

"Did Dr. Smith seem much overcome when he saw Miss Brown?" was the first question.

"Well—yes—a little."

"Wasn't he overjoyed?"

"Well—overjoyed is not just the word, perhaps."

"Why, didn't he say he was delighted?"

"Well—no—not exactly."

"But, at least, he seemed pleased?"

"Well—I don't quite know."

"For mercy's sake, tell me just what he did say and do."

"Well," with evident reluctance; "when he saw her she was at the other end of the dock and she was pointed out to him by the friend she had travelled with. Smith looked at her for a minute, and then he passed his hand over his eyes and I heard him murmur: 'Red hair—for the third time—and after so much prayer.'"

FITNESS OF WOMEN.—The suggestion that on account of "intellectual and physical fitness," women should be employed as pharmacists, is not favored by medical journals. One of them states that as women "will talk while doing business," they are unfitted for pharmacy or other work requiring concentration of thought and mental isolation. But it should be borne in mind that women are filling with credit to themselves positions for which, ten years ago, they were presumed to be wholly unfitted. What woman, after all, ever talked more than the average barber?

AT the time of the Centennial Exhibition I. N. Monfort drove from Macomb, Ill., to Philadelphia in the antique buggy in which he had been accustomed to peddle spectacles. He started out with $8 in his pocket and returned to Macomb with a three-cent piece as his sole financial possession. The old mare that drew him, and the vehicle as well, are still in a good state of preservation, and will be exhibited at the Columbian World's Fair.

A story is current which shows an extraordinary series of curious coincidences between the experiences of a Potsdam blacksmith and those of the Emperor William. The blacksmith, it is said, was married on the same day with the Emperor; his wife has presented him with a son whenever one has been born to the Emperor, and, finally, when the Empress gave birth to a daughter the blacksmith's wife did likewise.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Saline county, Mo., lays claim to a 168-pound pumpkin.

Brownsville, Pa., boasts of a tomato that weighs 2¾ pounds.

A machine for imbedding wire netting in glass is a late invention.

A horse ghost has recently been scaring Wolbersville, Kan., people.

The postoffices in London handle 2,000,000 letters in the course of a year.

According to statistics 21,000 persons were murdered in Italy between 1882 and 1890.

A whole table d'hote dinner was recently cooked by electricity at an Ottawa, Canada, hotel.

Tennyson is reported to be the 117th person whose body has been deposited in Westminster Abbey.

A Kansas City farming implement house intends sending out a young woman as a drummer next year.

Deer are reported to be so plentiful in a Michigan town that they have to be stoned out of the turnip fields.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the Transfiguration, in New York, makes a point of prayers for the dead.

Venice is now doing a flourishing business as a pleasure resort for English and American people of fashion.

A workman in a factory in South Bend, Ind., dislocated his shoulder the other day by sneezing too violently.

A Greene county, Mo., cow recently succeeded, it is said, in throwing a locomotive and seven cars from the track.

Sherman, Texas, has a $80,000 jail from which ten prisoners lately escaped by sawing through iron bars with a 25-cent file.

A New England college numbers among its students scholars from Kioto, Japan, Thessalonica, European Turkey and Iceland.

Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island, is said to be inhabited by about 60 people, who attend to the herds of cattle that graze there.

Jack Frost, Winter Frost, White Frost, Cold Frost, Early Frost and Snow Frost are the names of six brothers of a Kansas City, Mo., family.

A San Francisco firm is about to commence the revival of whaling in the Antarctic Ocean, which has not been carried on for many years.

A Moselem, Pa., farmer grew, it is said, an Irish potato, the stalk of which was 5 feet 7 inches in height, and bore at its roots a bushel of potatoes.

According to European savants the sound made by flies, when heard through a microphone, is extremely like the neighing of a horse in the distance.

Eastport, Me., sardine factories consume 3000 barrels of cottonseed oil in a season in the process of turning small herring into imported French sardines.

Telephones have been introduced at the government rifle ranges at Fort Sheridan, Ill., as a means of communication between the firing points and the targets.

The following advertisement appeared recently in a French paper: "Wanted, a distinguished and healthy-looking man to be 'cured patient' in a doctor's waiting room. Address," etc.

A discussion is being carried on in relation to the telephone cable connecting England and France as to whether it is more economical to carry on conversation over the line in English or in French. The toll is about $2 for three minutes' use.

When the school house of the Gallagher District, in Mason Valley, Nev., was opened after the summer vacation, it was found that bees were in possession of the desks, and it is claimed that about 300 pounds of honey were taken from them.

A Bridgeport, Conn., shoemaker was made the victim of an enterprising thief on a recent evening. He left his shop for a few minutes, and upon his return he found that his stove was missing. The strange part of it is that there was a hot fire in the stove at the time.

Death beat the District Court of Wichita, Kan., recently, in divorcing a couple. When the case came up for a hearing there was no defence, so the Judge granted the divorce. He had barely signed the decree when word was received that the defendant had just died.

A hog at Pascyville, Ind., was accidentally buried under some straw, some time ago, where it is reported to have remained for 72 days before it was discovered. The animal, it is stated, had lost but little flesh during its long confinement, but was in a very weak condition.

Asbury Church, New York, has ceased to compete with the saloons in the free lunch trade. It has fed the hungry and homeless for years with coffee and sandwiches not out of pure charity, but with a view to better [illegible] in the form of conversions. Having [illegible] in these expectations it has decided to [illegible]

GHOSTS.

BY W. W. LORD.

Out from the wintry sea
A ghost rose cold and gray,
And cried: "Come to the deep with me,
Where sea elves sport and play."

A ghost came out from the hill,
Where roses and lilies bloom,
In the twilight soft and still,
And cried to me in the gloom—

"Come, come with me away,
To the fairy land of rest;
Adown the peaceful day,
Come to the land of rest."

But, sweet, you were not there,
And I could not from you go,
From this earth of tear and prayer,
This earth of joy and woe.

OF FATAL CURSES.

Many a curious romance has been handed down, in the history of our great families, relative to fatal curses uttered in cases of extremity, against persons considered guilty of injustice and wrong-doing. It is to such imprecations that the misfortunes and downfall of certain houses have been attributed, although, it may be, centuries have elapsed before their thorough fulfilment.

Thus, Barcroft Hall, Lancashire, has long been noted for the "Idiot's Curse." Tradition states that one of the heirs to Barcroft was of weak intellect, and that he was fastened by a younger brother with a chain in one of the cellars, and there starved to death. It is added that, during one of his lucid intervals he pronounced a curse upon the family of the Barcrofts, to the effect that the name should perish for ever, and that the property should pass into other hands.

Some scribblings on one of the walls of the cellars are pointed out as the work of the captive, and his curse is said to have been fulfilled in the person of Thomas Barcroft, who died at the close of the seventeenth century, without male issue.

Another remarkable curse was that connected with the McAlister family of Scotch notoriety. The story goes that many generations back one of their chiefs, McAlister More, in a skirmish with a neighboring clan killed a widow's two sons. This act of cruelty was thus stigmatized by the mother, who pronounced her curse.

"I suffer now, but you shall always. You have me childless, but you and yours shall be heirless for ever—never shall there be a son to the house of McAlister."

The curse of the bereaved widow clung to the race of her oppressor. The lands passed from heir to heir, and, as Sir Bernard Burke remarks, it was in the reign of Queen Anne that the hopes of the house of McAlister "flourished for the last time; they were blighted then forever."

Cornish biography tells of a strange curse laid on Sir John Arundell, a magistrate, who, in his official capacity, had given offence to a shepherd, who by some means acquired considerable influence over the minds of the people under the impression of his possessing some supernatural powers.

This man had been imprisoned by Sir John Arundell, and on his release he constantly waylaid the magistrate, looking threateningly at him, and slowly muttering these words:

"When upon the yellow sand,
Thou shalt die by human hand."

Curious to say this prophetic curse was fulfilled, and in his dying moments, it is said, his old enemy appeared to Sir John Arundell, singing joyously the above foreboding evil rhyme.

Then there is the celebrated curse on the House of Lambton. According to the popular tradition, when a terrible worm devastated the country far and wide, the heir of Lambton made a solemn compact with a witch to kill the first living thing which he should meet after slaying this scourge. He was informed that if he failed to keep his word a curse would rest on his house—"the Lords of Lambton for nine generations should not die in their beds." The worm was destroyed, but as his father was the first living creature to meet the heir of Lambton after his victory, the fatal curse was on the family.

Another fatal curse, which may be said to have an historic interest, has been popularly designated "the Midwife's Curse." It appears that Colonel Stephen Payne, who took a foremost part in striving to uphold the tottering fortunes of the Stuarts, had wooed and won a fair wife amid the battles of the Rebellion.

The Duke of York promised to become godfather to the first child, if it should prove a boy; but when a daughter was born, the colonel, in his mortification, it is said, "formally devoted, in succession, his hapless wife, his infant daughter, himself, and his belongings to the infernal deities."

But the story goes that the midwife, Dence Vardon, was commissioned by the shade of Normandy's first duke to announce to her master that not only would his daughter die in infancy, but "that neither he, nor anyone descended from him, would ever again be blessed with a daughter's love."

Equally fatal was the imprecation pronounced on Grayrigg Hall, known as "the Quaker's Curse and its Fulfillment." Ferguson, in his "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends," records this tradition, which tells how Francis Howgill, a noted Quaker, was persecuted by a justice of the name of Duckett, residing at Grayrigg Hall. Accordingly, Howgill one day delivered this curse to Duckett: "The Lord's hand is against thee, and He will send a blast upon all thou hast, and thy name shall rot out of the earth, and this, thy dwelling, shall become desolate, and a habitation for owls and jackdaws." This prediction, it is said, was remarkably fulfilled, for this Justice Duckett had several children, all of whom died without leaving any issue, whilst some of them came to poverty.

"WHAT do you say to a lady when you are at a ball?" asked a young gentleman who went to a ball for the first time.

"Talk to her about her beauty," replied his friend, who had been there before.

"But suppose she hasn't got any?"

"Then talk to her about the ugliness of the other women present."

Grains of Gold.

Sit down crooked if you like, but talk straight.

The same wind that ruins the chaff cleans the wheat.

By the side of "know thyself" should be written "Be thyself."

The moment a man does anything wrong he hates the light.

For insult given the noblest vengeance is forgetfulness forever.

One often regrets saying too much, but seldom of saying too little.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his house.

If thou art a master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf.

People who always eat in a hurry invariably suffer from indigestion at leisure.

The charity which thinketh no evil is a wiser statesmanship than the misanthropy that thinketh no good.

The friend who cries with you finds out a great many things that you will regret when your eyes are dried.

Confidence is everything between husband and wife; and a woman who loves desires above all things to be trusted.

Sweetness that never sours will do more to smooth one's pathway through the world than a great accumulation of wealth.

Sorrow is the porchway to joy, the pathway to maturity and peace. No one has ever become good or great who has not met and mastered sorrow.

Though we cannot create favorable circumstances, we can at least refuse to join the envious throng that bark at the heels of their more fortunate fellows.

Femininities.

When one woman praises another people think she is sarcastic.

Five young women acted as ushers at a recent Plainfield, N. J., wedding.

When is soup likely to run out of the saucepan?—When there is a leak in it.

The Baroness James Rothschild is reported to possess the finest collection of fans in Europe.

The novelty of the bride's mother going on the honeymoon trip is talked about as evidence of unusual affection.

Mrs. Susan Neal, of San Antonio, Texas, who is reputed to be 70 years of age, recently killed a full-grown panther with an axe.

A woman teacher at Topeka, Kansas, has taught school there for 22 years, it is said, without ever having missed a day's attendance.

An Adair county, Mo., family is reported to consist of 16 children, 2 daughters-in-law, 2 grandchildren, and the father and mother.

Charlie, in raptures: "So you will marry me! Tell me, do you love me?" Clara: "No, I don't; but Agnes Murray does, and I hate her."

Mistress: "How is it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?" Maid: "I don't know, ma'am, unless you was peekin' through the keyhole."

Mrs. Mauck, of Clark county, Mo., has purchased a coffin and a burial robe, and contracted for a neat tombstone. At last accounts she was negotiating for a lot in the cemetery.

If the old social canon that a girl made herself liable to penalty of kissing by wearing a man's hat be still loaded there is plenty of good shooting for young men this fall.

Avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

If the government really wants to prove by experiments with the bicycle that war can be made dreadful, why not get a thousand women together, give them wheels and turn them loose?

An Indiana girl, when at an evening party, excused herself when asked to sing, saying: "You must excuse me, for I never attempt to sing, except to warble a few wild notes for pa at eventide."

"Is it possible, miss, that you know not the names of some of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don's even know what my own will be a year hence."

The following announcement lately appeared in a country paper: Edward Eden, painter, is requested to communicate with his brother, when he will hear something to his advantage—his wife is dead.

A chat behind the ribbon counter. Miss Grosgrain: "Charlie White proposed to me last night." Miss Babyblue: "Did you accept him?" "No; I'm thinking it over. I hate to give up a twelve-dollar job for a ten-dollar man."

A Georgia schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

A spirited girl observes that to her mind the women who want female suffrage because it will cause division in families, must be a precious meek lot. A woman with any pluck can pick a quarrel with her husband without waiting to split on votes.

Jones: "I'm going to bring my wife round to call on you to-night." Smith: "That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new sealskin cloak: I don't want my wife to see it just now." Jones, grimly: "Why, that's what we are coming for!"

"Now," said the newcomer into the village, sitting down and confronting his wife, "let us see how our affairs stand." "Well," said the wife, "you had better go out into the village and see, for the inhabitants know more of your affairs than you do."

Mrs. Newlywed: "If I were to die I suppose you would never think or speak of me again." Mr. Newlywed: "That's where you are doing me a grievous wrong. I'd be always holding you up to my second wife as a luminous example of what a wife should be."

It's lucky for Prince Auguste Coburg-Coburg and the Emperor of Austria that the lower animals have no souls. Otherwise they might be unpleasantly surprised in the next world with the spectacle of 300 chamois rising up to call them murderers. The Prince, it is said, has slain 2000 of these animals, and the Emperor 1600.

A woman living in the suburbs of Hartford, Conn., was aroused by a noise at her window one evening recently, and dimly saw a man's face peering in through the blind. She silently crept out of bed and, reaching the window, suddenly popped up and shouted "Boo!" The would-be burglar dropped as though shot and fled.

Masculinities.

The law is strong, yet the weakest man can break it.

Everything good in a man thrives best when properly recognized.

The man whose desires are sanctified always gets what he wants.

Sourbeer is the name of a Parsons, Kan., G. A. R. Post Commander.

Unyielding self-possession prevents many a man from giving himself away.

Most men like to see themselves in print, but woman don't; they prefer silk or satin.

The main reason why some men have cross wives is because they are surly themselves.

An enterprising Hannibal, Mo., physician is making contracts to treat families for $12 a year.

Salesladies who are no longer too young fight shy of being placed as the remnant counter.

The man who wants to impress the hotel clerk with his importance refuses to register his name.

Mortar from a bricklayer's trowel recently struck a resident of Richmond, Ind., in the eye, blinding him.

George D. Johnson, of Griffin, Ga., has a pocket knife which he has carried with him for the past 80 years.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Chile is claimed to number among her population more poets per capita than any other nation in the world.

A green-persimmon eating match between a young woman and a man created considerable attention at Keyesville, Mo.

A present of a silver trifle, combining the wish-bone, horseshoe and bow knot, is supposed to carry a triple charge of good luck.

Jonesboro, Ga., has a resident who, it is reported, has only spent $8 in the past six years for clothes. He is said to be worth over $10,000.

When a man boasts that he always moves in good society, it is not necessary that you should be so curious as to ask why he moves.

The Sheriff of an Oregon town started for the penitentiary with a prisoner lately, but fell asleep on the train and the prisoner escaped.

Master Bayliss, of Coventry, England, is stated to be the youngest cyclist in the world. He has not yet reached his third birthday.

The Shut-in Society, composed entirely of invalids, was started by Mr. Conklin, at Madison, N. J., 15 years ago, and is still flourishing.

Edith: "Why did you dismiss Mr. Goodheart?" Blanche: "Oh, he got so he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theatre."

"Are you a temperance man?" asked the revivalist of a man in the hotel corridor. "Sir," replied the Kentuckian, "my seconds will wait upon you in half an hour."

"And what do you expect to make of your son when he comes of age, Mr. Smith?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Smith, despondently. "I think he would make a very good husband for a rich girl."

"Well, well," sighed the wife, as she finished exploring her sleeping husband's pockets without having discovered a cent, "this is like one of those railroad journeys, 'going through without change.'"

A correspondent vouches for the accuracy of the following: "My brethren," said a preacher, "such a man is like the captain of a crowless vessel on a shoreless sea. Happy would such a man be could he bring his men safe to land."

On one occasion a friend of Lord Alvanley's came for his advice under the following circumstances: "Mr. M—— threatens to kick me whenever he sees me in society. What am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," replied Lord Alvanley.

A canvasser while in Washington, Mo., was surprised to find six successive households in which no newspapers were taken, and upon calling at the next house asked the reason, and was informed that not a member of the six families could either read or write.

Tramp, to woman: "Can you give me something to eat, madam?" Woman: "Naw; there ain't a thing in the house; and besides, I've got a couple of letters to write and no time to bother." Tramp, pleadingly: "Madam, let me lick the stamps. I can't starve."

There is a story of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order dinner. He wished some mushrooms, very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he asked for a sheet of paper and a pencil, and sketched one. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for 10 minutes, and returned with a handsome umbrella.

IN THE SLUMS.—A subterranean garden is a novelty to some people. So, at least, it seems from a discovery made by a nuisance inspector in one of the London suburbs. "From information received," this gentleman went to a dwelling-house, where he saw steam issuing from a ventilating grating and "perceived" an offensive smell. Entering the house, he found that ten or twelve loads of manure had been placed in a cellar underneath the living rooms, to form a mushroom bed. The inspector, in reporting the circumstance, said that never before had he seen or heard of such a case.

The incident, however, is by no means such a rarity as all that. There is culture—the vegetable, not the educational variety—even in the slums. In some parts mushrooms are extensively grown in cellars, while rhubarb is commonly obtained in like conditions. All the same, it is a very foolish thing to do, this plan of converting cellars into gardens.

Equally unwise is it to make a house answer some of the purposes of a farm, as many people will. Two neighbors were once "falling out." The quarrel began over an oft-disputed and very interesting point,—namely, whether when A's child hit B's (the smaller and younger of the two), B was justified in "warming" the offender? At last one of the women, at the suggestion of a supporter, roared that on the following morning she would go to the Town Hall and complain about "somebody's" fowls, which were a nuisance to the whole neighborhood. The retort was staggering.

"Fowls, indade, is it?" said the "somebody." "But I'll be before ye, my lady—never fear. I don't keep pigs in my back bedroom."

Neither of the women carried out her threat. An interested party, however, told the nuisance inspector of the affair, and he visited the two houses. He ordered the fowls, which were kept in a cellar, to be disposed of. As for the pigs, he was too late for them, but abundant evidence existed that an empty bedroom had been used as a stye. It is a standing wonder to this day in that neighborhood how the animals were got upstairs.

Of course this case is exceptional. But something almost as bad is very common. Do not many London costermongers keep their donkeys in their back yards, and have they not to lead their "mokes" right through their houses?

Scores of bird fanciers, too, use a spare bedroom as an aviary, while pigeon flyers sometimes convert one into a cote. The result in either case is that nobody can sleep in such a place afterwards without being nearly eaten by vermin. Quite as reprehensible, perhaps, is the practice of keeping a number of rabbits in a cellar or bedroom.

The fact is, many people look upon a house as a dwelling place and farm or garden combined, a circumstance which shows how great is the necessity for the diffusion of sanitary knowledge.

THE DATE TREE.—As the date tree, which grows in North Africa, Arabia, and Persia, is quite tall and straight, and has no branches, it is difficult to climb, but the Arabs reach the top in the following way:

They put a rope round their back and under their armpits, and then round the tree, and tie the ends in a knot. Putting the rope into one of the notches left by the fallen stalk of a leaf, they slip the rope down to about the middle of the back, and then taking hold of the trunk with their hands and knees, raise themselves up a few inches.

Then, while holding fast with knees, feet, and one hand, they slip the rope up with the other hand until it rests on the next notch, and so on until they accomplish their work. They then pluck the fruit and throw it down into a cloth held by other men for the purpose.

The tree bears at the top a crown of forty to eighty leaves, generally eight to ten feet long, among which the fruit hangs in bunches. Dates are usually brought to this country pounded together in a mass. Fresh or dried they constitute one of the chief articles of food in Africa.

The date tree is described as one of the most useful trees in the world. The trunk makes timber for houses and fences, and wood for fuel; the leaves are used for making baskets, bags, mats, fans, and brushes. Oil is made by grinding and pressing the stones of the fruit, and what is left is fed to cattle. Wine is also made from the fruit.

Reliable under all circumstances is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the people's friend.

PRACTICAL JOKES WITH AN ELEPHANT.—The elephant has a good memory, and practical jokers would do well to bear this fact in mind. Once a man went to see an elephant at a fair, intending to play it a trick. Offering it some gingerbread nuts, the animal accepted them. Presently he held out a brown paper parcel; and this too was swallowed quite readily. Soon the elephant showed signs of suffering, and handed its keeper a bucket for water. The liquid was drunk up at once, and more was asked for. "Oh!" said the joker, "I guess it found those nuts rather hot." On which the keeper bade him go unless he wanted a bucket at his head. The warning was uttered just in time, for, after having drained the sixth bucket, it flung it at the figure of the retreating man, who must have been killed had he remained where he stood at first.

A year afterwards the show appeared at the fair again, and the same man turned up on the same errand. Unfortunately for him, the elephant was the same also. Some sweet nuts were handed to it, and the creature took them cautiously. Having gained its confidence, as he thought, the man gave it a hot nut; but as soon as it detected its pungency, the elephant hoisted its tormentor into the air by his coat-tails.

When these gave way the man fell heavily to the ground. But the animal was not done with him yet. It now searched the tail-pockets, and having eaten all the sweet-meats, it tore the remnant of the coat to rags and flung them after the man, who went away feeling extremely sore and looking exceedingly small.

FIDDLE.—I know not why, nor can I help regretting that, the good old English word "fiddler" should have utterly lost caste, and dragged down fiddle with it in its fall. There's no blinking the fact that it has been a name of scorn for full a hundred years. Thus, when poor Widow Thrale chose to give her dead brewer a successor, in the person of the highly-estimable Signor Piozzi, all the world and his wife cried shame upon her for "wedding a fiddler." "Hence we see that even in 1784 the word had already become what Jeremy Bentham calls a "question-begging appellation"—and of hang-dog force. But, indeed, the gallery wag's "Don't waste him! Kill a fiddler with him" addressed to the actor who had stage-slain his man shows that "fiddler" had already naught to lose. But why? "The old phrase, "Drunk as a fiddler," yields no explanation. It has its perfect match in the contemporary proverb, "Drunk as a lord," which never lowered the peerage in any one's esteem. Nor can we fairly take as a type of his class the fiddler mentioned in Cowper's letters. That worthy, after fiddling all night at a tavern ball, begged a bed. All beds full, he craved a shake-down in the hay-loft, lured the guileless landlord thither, knocked him down and made off with all his cash. But even if we assume that the whole tenor of this exceptional fiddler's life was base—only, we won't assume it, that's flat! and we leave it to sharper wits to find the key to this fiddle-riddle.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A certain business man in this city, relates a New York paper, has good reason to believe that there is "something in a name." For many years he engaged in business pursuits here under the name derived from his father. The name was an honest one, but not particularly euphonious, and its bearer found, after much energetic toil in several fields of industry, that it was barren of talismanic influence in business.

Although a man of fine presence, good manners, industrious habits and personal honesty, this gentleman was unable to win success. He tried to venture with fair prospects in each case at the outset, but failure came with disheartening promptness. His peculiar name on a business card or appended to a letter never seemed to have any weight in business circles.

After a great many vicissitudes he reluctantly came to the conclusion that it was his name which brought him bad luck. He resolved to try the effect of a change, and, with the permission of the Legislature, he simply reversed his name. For the sake of illustration, supposing it was Abel Smith, he obtained the legal right to change it to Smith Abel.

The effect of the change was magical. The hitherto elusive success wooed the new name assiduously. Enterprises that had fallen flat before became popular and prosperous. Old debts were speedily paid and a new bank account grew to very healthy proportions. The gentleman grew rich steadily, and his name is now on the list of the solid men of New York.

The earth moves.—Evidence, you can buy a first-class liniment, Salvation Oil, for 25 cents.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vascalar Bronik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

We give them free of charge to every old and new subscriber who sends us $2.00 for a years' subscription in advance.

Remember, you get "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" an entire year, and BOTH PICTURES, which alone are worth much more than the subscription price of the paper.

Address,—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A COUPLE were married twice within one hour near Poplar Bluff, Mo., recently. The bride's father was asleep when the first ceremony was performed, and the second was for his benefit.

MRS. FLIRT—"Come, uncle, I want to see what you think of those new hangings." Uncle Texas—"Flossie, I hain't got no use fur new-fangled ways. Lynchin' is good enough fur me."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

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Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

"Money," by Emile Zola, the great French author, is one of the most naturalistic novels that has yet issued from his pen. It is terrible in its painting of life and shows what in some conditions of society is the inevitable result of a merciless thirst for gold. For all their painful telling of the truth it is good to read Zola's novels, because they open up a world which, unknown to most people, it were better for humanity to have exposed. Published in a nicely printed and bound volume by the Worthington Co., New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Cosmopolitan" for November, like all its predecessors, is remarkable for the beauty of its pictures and the interest and value of its literary matter. This magazine takes rank with the best publications of its kind in the language. Published at New York.

APPLES AS MEDICINE.—Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, chlorophyl, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water.

Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lecithin, of the brain and spinal chord.

It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body.

Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits whose lives are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes.

The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

ANTS.—A Scientist has been making interesting experiments on the sense of taste in ants. Among other results he has found that one, while fond of sugar, dislikes saccharine. The ants swarmed around sugar laid out for them, but turned away from saccharine as soon as they tasted it. Even sugar became unpleasant to them when it was mixed with saccharine. It seems, therefore, that sweetness is not the only quality which attracts them to sugar.

DR. C. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantee issued only by FINNERTY, McCLURE & CO., Sole Agents, 106 Market St, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $35 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

MARRIAGE PAPER Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents. 5 mos. 10c. Drawer Box, Chicago, Ill.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,
I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

$2.25 FREE

To Every Reader of This Paper.

No Money Required.

Cut this out and send to us with your full name and address and we will send you this elegant stem wind watch for examination, and if you think it equal to any $10.00 watch pay our regular price, $2.25, and express charges, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you believe as we will give you one free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only. Address

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ANAL AND RECTAL SALVE

FOR PILES, INFLAMMATION, FISSURE, ULCER, ITCHING, etc.,

Prepared by a Specialist

Directions for Home Treatment with each box. Immediate relief. Box 50c. Trial Box and Salve Injector, $1

Dr. A. B. Jamison

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AGENTS GIRLS Have book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Costs 25c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 50c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 626, Kansas City, Mo.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. B. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

PUGET SOUND is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $250 per lot on EASY TERMS, Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the

FAIRHAVEN

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE, published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidising the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dulness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 832 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 47th Street.

BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 516 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

Humorous.

WON'T DO SO AGAIN.

He was a stranger from the East,
And on a Western train
He bought the train-boy's mild cigar;
He won't do so again.

Next day they found him in a heap
Inside the smoking car;
He'd gone to his eternal sleep;
He'd smoked his last cigar.

—U. N. Nosh.

Parental Joys.

Fond father: "Why, Tom, what have you got there—my watch?"

Tom: "Yes."

Fond father: "And what is that in your other hand?"

Tom: "The can opener. I wanted to open the watch. I blew on it several times, and I'm 'fraid it's broke, 'cause it wouldn't open."

A short cut—the convict's.

Ill-gotten gains—the doctor's.

Trade winds—commercial puffs.

Write about face—a portrait catalogue.

Natural selection—the best umbrella in the rack.

Whooping cough—the hoarseness following election yells.

The fly is a happy thing, and goes about trying to tickle everybody.

Isn't it funny that a lady can cut a gentleman dead without fear of being arrested?

"Do you expect to go around much this winter?" "Yes; I am very fond of waltzing, you know."

Mrs. Partington is collecting autocrats, and will be grateful for any specimens of the handwriting of extinguished characters.

"It's been puzzling my brain," inadvertently remarked Sandgrass.

"What has?" asked Snively.

"Whether a man with a glass eye ever has a pane in it."

"Yes," said Fogg, "I used to believe everything; was the most credulous fellow alive. But," he added, "since I have had this confounded sore throat it is hard for me to swallow anything."

"There is one thing I dread," remarked Johnson, "and that is a premature burial." "Don't worry about that," replied Brown; "the thing is impossible; there's no danger of your being buried too soon."

Two gentlemen were lately examining a portion of a plow in front of a store.

"I'll bet a dollar," said one, "you do not know what this is for?"

"Done," said the other; "it is for sale."

The bet was won and the wager paid.

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked a clergyman at the Camden station one day lately. "Sometimes, when they are not awful drunk," replied the conductor. "Just take a seat near the middle of the train, and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."

Kobberly took home a pet goat to his children a day or so ago, and as the youngsters were a little afraid of it he said:

"He's a good billygoat and won't hurt you, will you, Billy?"

"Note I will," answered Billy, and he did.

Jinks: "Have you selected a trade for your boy?"

Winks: "I shall make a plumber of him."

Jinks: "Has he a bent that way?"

Winks: "He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week."

First tramp: "I wonder what I shall say to the lady of the house?"

Second tramp: "Say you are a sufferer from the flood."

"I can't say that."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm too dry."

Guest: "Here's a fly in my soup, waiter!"

Waiter: "Yes, sir; very sorry, sir; but you can throw away the fly and eat the soup, can't you?"

"Of course I can! You didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

In these days, when every kind of goods is so cheap and so pretty and dresses are so plainly made, there is no excuse for a young girl being carelessly dressed. All that is required now in dainty dressmaking suitable for young ladies is a plain skirt with very scant trimming, and with here and there a deft distinguished touch on sleeves or bodice.

Two of the very prettiest dresses I have seen this year were made on a model that any one could follow. One was of hunter's green faille cut princess, with the upper part of the waist filled in, and the sleeves made of apple green crepe de chine. The corsage had two very narrow silver braids outlining the peasant's bodice, and straps of hunter's green velvet. A narrow belt and sash ends were of apple green ribbon. This color can be worn only by a pure, peachy blonde. In different russet browns, blues of any other becoming color or material it would be quite as taking a dress.

The other was of cadet blue cashmere, with a pretty passementerie of black and gold. The dress was cut entirely on princesse. A very old and graceful effect was obtained by draping a width of white crepe de chine from the bust to the hips, and then letting it fall to the bottom of the skirt on each side. It is very simple and yet gives quite an elaborate appearance. The sleeves are balloon, with the forearm covered with the passementeries. This, however, is not necessary, and they could be plain or of other material if preferred.

HOME GOWNS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

I notice among the new evening and dancing dress materials a beautiful new silk tissue. It comes in all the evening colors, and among them pea green and apple green, two shades that light up beautifully. This tissue is plain and striped. The plain is higher, but the striped gives a very fine effect, and much variety can be brought out by different ways of cutting the tissue. It is stiffer than chiffon and stronger than tulle, and makes the ideal dancing dress.

The prettiest slippers in the world are seen now for dancing. They are of white, pearl gray and black, as well as of some delicate tints, and made of undressed kid, with rather high red or black heels, and the toes round up to the pertest little point, as if they were just ready to twinkle off in a frolicsome dance and could hardly keep still. Some few have fine steel or pearl bead worked on them, but the most are plain. The plain ones look smaller on the feet.

White silk stockings are now the newest and prettiest. There are those of other colors, but white, with dainty mull skirts, with their plum ruffles, are quite too pretty for anything.

There is a strong leaning toward hand crocheted lace for trimming all under-garments now. Hamburg edgings are made by machinery and have become too common, imitation laces do not wear well or look well after a washing, and real lace cannot bear many washings, and hand embroidery has not the lightness that seems to belong to the fineness of finish necessary to underwear. Crocheted trimming is strong, durable, pretty and has an unmistakable appearance of patient hand labor, so it is now the trimming. Yokes and sleeves to chemises are made of it, insertions and ruffles for drawers are crocheted, and it surely is the right thing in the right place for once. Dainty baby ribbons are run through the meshes and tied in bewitching little knots.

A very handsome carriage and walking costume for a young married lady was much to my taste. The cumail cape was of black broadcloth, with the underfront of black velvet. The cape was richly beaded. The skirt was of black ladies' cloth, quite plain, with a 4-inch band of marten at the bottom. A collar of the same to the cape and a high buttoned collar to the velvet and a fur facing to the cumail made of it altogether a superb outfit, particularly with the addition of the four story hat, often trimmed with velvet, plumes and thistles.

Odds and Ends.

ON DIFFERENT MATTERS OF INTEREST.

A full tablespoonful of flour makes one-half ounce.

Crude oil is excellent to wipe woodwork and furniture with, according to a painter. Wipe off with a clean cloth.

A pinch of salt in the whites of eggs as you are setting them in the icebox to cool before beating adds to the ease and success of that operation.

Knives should never be put into hot water, which injures them, first by loosening the handles, and next by spoiling the temper of the steel. Wipe them first with a damp cloth, and then rub on a smooth board which has been previously rubbed with a scouring brick or knife powder.

Bread should be kneaded very little at the second molding. And when set to rise, do not let it rise to its fullest capacity before putting it in the oven. It is best to grease over the tops of the loaves with butter when setting it to rise the last time. This keeps the crust tender when baking.

Young housekeepers are recommended by an old cook that in buying their jars, etc., for canning fruits, to get nothing but glass or stone-ware. Everything is better put up in these, as the acids in so many fruits acting upon tin are apt to make them very unwholesome if not positively injurious. Tomatoes, peaches and other canned fruits may then be wrapped with paper to keep the light from them.

In putting down oilcloth you do not tack as you go, as with carpets—plan out the whole room first, putting in a tack here and there to hold it all in position until ready for the final tacking. It is disagreeable work to fit oilcloth, and you will need a very sharp knife to cut it in shape. A good way of keeping a keen edge is to have a piece of fine emery paper, and every once in a while lay the blade of the knife flat on it, drawing it along as if it were an oilstone. After the oilcloth is fitted put in as few tacks as possible. Matting is laid in the same way, and here again staples will be found better than tacks to use at the joinings to prevent fraying.

Spanish Omelet.—Put a large tomato, a small green pepper, half a small onion, two sprigs of parsley and a bit of celery in a chopping bowl, chop fine and pour into a stewpan. Stand on the stove till heated through and then stir into the omelet as it put into the pan.

Omelet Soufflé.—Add to six eggs four tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and stir till dissolved, then add a few drops of any flavoring desired. Beat to a stiff froth, put in a buttered pan, smooth over the top with a knife, powder with sugar, put in a hot oven and bake quickly.

A Delicious Breakfast Dish.—Put a pint of water in a saucepan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter. Put it on the range and when it boils thicken with a large tablespoonful of flour. Have some smoked beef shredded or cut in small pieces, and drop into the stewpan after the milk has been thickened and let the beef cook only two minutes. Pour into a deep dish and serve at once.

Baked Apples.—Take the cores out of six or eight fine, large, sour apples, place them in a baking pan, put a lump of sugar on top of each apple and put a few lumps between the apples. Then fill the pan with water, put in the oven and bake. When done take each apple out carefully, place them on a deep glass dish, pour the syrup over them and allow them to stand where they will get ice cold. Serve with whipped cream.

Ham Croquettes.—One cupful of finely chopped ham, one of bread crumbs, two of hot mashed potatoes, one large tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, a speck of cayenne. Beat the ham, cayenne, butter and two of the eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly, and shape it like croquettes. Roll in the bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg and again in crumbs, put in the frying basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook two minutes. Drain, and serve.

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 21, 1896.
DEPOT NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.
Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—11.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—3.45 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m (24th and Chestnuts sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.
FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 11.00 a m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.
BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND CHICAGO, 9.00 a m and 8.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo. FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.35, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.35 a m.
8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Colebrookdale Branch.
9.30 a m for Reading and way points.
11.00 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily Sleeping car line to Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.
SUNDAYS—9.00 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets—4.01, 5.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 2.30, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 8.00, 9.35 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 4.30, 5.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.
Leave Ninth and Green streets—7.20 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.55, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.35, 5.45, 6.25 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.
Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.01, 3.10, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.01, 3.15, 6.10, 8 p m.
Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 1.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.
Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night train to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
9 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Gettysburg.
8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 4.30 p m.
Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.30 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 6.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.
Parlor cars on all express trains.
Brigantine week days, 8 a m, 5.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 5.25 p m.
Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.
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